

THE LITERARY GAZETTE;

AND

Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

No. 1111.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY, 5 1838.

PRICE 8d.
Stamped Edition, 9d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Athenian Captive: a Tragedy, in Five Acts. By T. N. Talfourd, Esq. 8vo. pp. 103. London, 1838. Moxon.

In this instance we find that the poetic does not always imply the prophetic character. Of the *Athenian Captive*, the title-page says, "first acted at Covent Garden Theatre, April 28, 1838;" and pity it is, it is not true. But the sudden illness of Mrs. Warner, who was cast for the principal female part, rendered its performance impossible; and the public and the theatre have, consequently, suffered a loss, greatly to be regretted. Nor can we withhold our sympathy from the author, who, notwithstanding the force of his appeal to us, in the form of publication, must have much cause to grieve, that the impersonation of his hero was not also, and simultaneously, witnessed in the fine and masterly conceptions of Macready. It comes now before us as speech intended to be spoken; which, it is a pleasure to observe, is not the case with another splendid effort of the same mind—for, along with the tragedy, we received the eloquent appeal, delivered by Mr. Talfourd on the second reading of the copyright bill.* But we must, for the present, confine our notice to the drama.

It is preceded by a Preface, in which, with some apologetic matter, not called for from the author of "Ion," a just tribute is paid, not only to private friendship, but to the interests of the national stage, as bound up with the brave experiment tried at Covent Garden Theatre.

"I could not (says the writer) perceive a gentleman, whose friendship I had long enjoyed, forsaking the certain rewards of his art, and the tranquil pleasures of domestic life, to engage in the chivalrous endeavour to support a cause, which I believe to be that of humanity and of goodness, and which seemed almost desperate, without a feverish anxiety to render him assistance, and, perhaps, a tendency to mistake the will for the power. The position of the two great theatres—with a legal monopoly, which has been frittered away piecemeal without recompense, until nothing remains but the debts which were contracted on the faith of its continuance, and the odium of its name;—opposed to a competition with numerous establishments, dividing the dramatic talent and dissipating the dramatic interest of the town—rendered the determination of Mr. Macready to risk his property, his time, and his energies, in the management of one of them, a subject of an interest almost painful. Impressed with this sentiment, at a time when it was unforeseen that one of the most distinguished of our authors would lend his aid—when no tragic creation of Knowles' cast its shadow before, with its assurance of power and of beauty,—when the noble revivals of "Lear" and of "Coriolanus" were only to be guessed at from those of "Hamlet" and "Macbeth,"—I determined to make an attempt, marked, I fear, with more zeal than wisdom. Having submitted the outline of this drama to the friend and artist most interested in the result, and having received his encouragement to proceed, I de-

voted my little vacation of Christmas to its composition;—and, with the exception of some alterations (for the suggestion of the principal of which I am indebted to him), succeeded so far as to finish it before the renewal of other (I can hardly say) severer labours. Whether I may succeed in doing more than thus gratifying my own feelings, and testifying their strength by the effort, is, at this time, doubtful;—but, in no event, shall I regret having made it."

The tragedy is constructed, in a considerable degree, upon the Greek model. The action is single and simple. The control of Fate is more distinct and obvious than in any other dramatic school, where, perhaps, such feelings and such acts as are depicted of Thoas and Creusa, and even of Hyllus, might be thought to be too bald and sudden, and without sufficient natural cause. Yet the opening regard of Hyllus, and the budding love of Creusa for Thoas, are quite agreeable to human sympathies. The former had been vanquished and saved in battle; and on noble souls no mightier tie could, in one hour, be laid. The latter feels for a dear brother rescued from death, and her pity is awakened for the conqueror betrayed into captivity by this very act of generosity and mercy. These claims upon the youthful warrior and the youthful maiden, are alike irresistible. But the greatest stretch of the power of Destiny, is in the persuasion of Thoas to murder whoever opposes his way—Creon. It is with much of reasoning and stirring up of his ambition that Lady Macbeth induces her still vacillating husband to assassinate Duncan; but Ismene succeeds with Thoas abruptly, and with little argument. To be sure, he is not told, nor seems to be aware, against whom it is that his dagger is to be employed; but still, without our sense of the Greek Fates, we should not be reconciled to this most important scene.

Creon is finely drawn. A weaker Lear,—tyrannical, capricious, and selfish. Age is stealing him from despotic power; and, instead of producing the wise desire to make a fitting and a glorious end, it makes him suspicious, resentful, murmuring. As his priest explains the auspicious omens of the birds' flight, he exclaims:—

"I am so perplex'd
With the faint tracing age's weakness shapes,
That I distinguish not the winged forms
Thou speakest of, from the mists that flicker quick
On eyes which soon must be all dark. To me
Noonen can be otherwise than sad."

And again,—

"Oh, Iphitus! thy king hath wellnigh spent
His store of wealth, of glory, and of power,
Which made him master of the hopes and strengths
Of others! While the haggard Fury waits,
To cut the knot which binds his thousand threads
Of lustre life, and the sad ghost forsakes
The palace of its regal clay, to shrink,
Thin as a beggar's, sceptreless, uncrown'd,
Unheeded, to the throng'd and silent shore
Where flattery soothes not, think'st thou it can draw
A parting comfort from surrounding looks
Of lusty youth, prepar'd, with beaming joy,
To hail a young successor? *

The life that lingers in me is the witness
With which I may not pauper. I may seem
To-day to wear the look of yesterday,—
A shrivel'd, doting, peevish, weak old man,
Who may endure some winters more to strip
A leaflet daily from him, till he stands
So bare of happiness, that death hath scarce

An art to make him naked. My soul
Begins its solemn whispers of adieu
To earth's too sweet companionship."

All this is truth and poetry; nor is there less in the following sweet touch of Creusa's infant sentiment, as it regards the new-made slave,—

"Creu. My brother, can't endure
To see a hero who hath twice preserv'd
Thy life—upon whose forehead virtue sits
Enthron'd in regal majesty—thus held
In vilest thrall'dom?

Hyl. Ah! my sweet Creusa,
Thy words breathe more than gratitude.
Creu. My brother,

I pray thee do not look into my face.
Hyl. Nay, raise thy head, and let thine eye meet mine;
It reads no anger there. The love is pure
And noble as thyself, and nobly plac'd;
And one day shall be honored."

Thoas, partly from his affection for Hyllus and Creusa, and partly from the mysterious admonition of the Queen Ismene, has submitted to his captive tasks, and is ordered to hand the wine cup to Creon and his court, as they celebrate the victory over the Athenians. The king at length drinks, "Ruin to Athens!" and the following outburst of passionate poetry ensues:—

"Thoas dashes down the cup he is about to hand to the King.

Tho. Ruin to Athens! who dares echo that?
Who first repeats it dies. These limbs are arm'd
With vigour from the gods that watch above
Their own immortal offspring. Do ye dream,
Because chance lends ye one insulting hour,
That ye can quench the purest flame the gods
Have lit from heaven's own fire?

Hyl. (Tearing to uprise the guests.) 'Tis ecstasy—
Some frenzy shakes him.

Tho. No! I call the gods,
Who bend attentive from their azure thrones,
To witness to the truth of that which throbs
Within me now. 'Tis not a city crown'd
With olive and enrich'd with peerless fames
Ye would dishonour; but an opening world
Diviner than the soul of man hath yet

Been gifted to imagine—truths serene,
Made visible in beauty, that shall glow
In everlasting freshness; unapproach'd
By mortal passion; pure amidst the blood
And dust of conquest; never wasting old;
But on the stream of time, from age to age
Casting bright images of heavenly youth.
To make the world less mournful. I behold them!
And ye, fair insects of a day, would quaff

'Ruin to Athens!'

Cre. Are ye stricken all
To statutes, that ye hear these scornful boasts,
And do not seize the traitor? Bear him hence,
And let the executioner's keen steel
Prevent renewal of this outrage.

Iphi. Hold! Some god hath spoken through him.

Im. Priest! we need
No counsel from thee.

Hyl. Father, he will bend—
'Twas madness—was't not, Thoas?—answer me:

Retract thy words!

Tho. I've spoken, and I'll die."

The plot moves on, but we shall defer the poetry alone. The description of an *Avernus* cava attracts. Creusa speaks of the queen,—

"She is stell'd 'gainst nature;
I never knew her shed a tear, nor hear
A sigh break from her,—oft she seeks a glen
Hard by the temple of avenging Jove,
Which sinks mid blasted rocks, whose narrow gorge
Scarce gives the bold explorer space; its sides,
Glistening in marble blackness, rise aloft
From the scant margin of a pool, whose face
No breeze e'er dimpled; in its furthest shade
A cavern yawns, where poisonous vapours rise
That none may enter it and live; they spread
Their rolling films of sable white like shrouds
Around the fearful orifice, and lie
The very lichens which the earthless stone
Would nurture;—whether evil men, or things
More terrible, meet this sad lady there,
I know not—she will lead thee thither!"

* Pp. 22, Moxon; of which, more hereafter.

"*Tho.* Do not fear for me;
Where shews of glory beckon I'll not wait.
To pluck away the radiant masks and find
Death under them; but at the thought of blood
Shed, save in hottest fight, my spirit shrinks
As from some guilt not aim'd at human things,
But at the majesty of gods."

The passion of Thoas, after he has slain Creon, is, also, nobly touched in the following passages.

"*Pentheus, (his friend)* Think not of it thus:—
They lips are parch'd,—let me fetch water.

Tho. No;—I have drank fiercely at a mountain spring,
And left the stain of blood in its pure waters;
It quench'd my mortal thirst, and I rejoice'd,
For I seem'd grown to demon, till the stream
Cool'd my hot throat, and then I laugh'd aloud,
To find that I had something human still.

Pen. Is this a dream?
Tho. No;—tis a dreadful waking—I have dreamt
Of honour, and have struggled in my dream
For Athens, as I deserv'd to fight.
Unsullied in her cause. The joy of battle
In eddies as a whirlpool had engulph'd
The thought of one sad moment, when my soul
Was blasted; but it rises in the calm,
Like to a daughter'd seaman, who pursues
The murderous vessel, which swept proudly on,
When his death-gurgle ended. Hence, vain wreath!—
Thou would entwine my brow with serpent coldness,
And wither instant there. [*Tears the wreath.*]
So vanish all

My hopes; they are gone."

Pentheus' description of him in this wretchedness is beautiful.

"*Soldier. (To Pentheus.)* My lord, we wait for orders;
this strange man,
Half warrior and half rhapsodist, may bring
Our army into peril.

Pen. Fear it not;
He has all elements of greatness in him,
Although as yet not perfectly commanding,
With a bold and artful privilege of speech. They cast
Such pugnacious looks as the noblest men
That we may feel them mortal. 'Tis a cloud
Which speedily will pass, and thou shalt see
The hero shine as clearly forth in council
As he has done in victory. Meanwhile
He leaves us pleasant duty—form your lines—
Sound trumpets—march triumphant into Corinth!"

We must, however, before we conclude, give a longer extract, to shew the author without our comment.

"*Scene III.*

The Hall of Statues in the Palace, same as in Third Act.

Tho. (Alone.) Again I stand within this awful hall;
I found the entrance here, without the sense
Of vision; for a foul and clinging mist,
Like the damp vapour of a long-closed vault,
Is here;—No object, save the noblest men
That we may feel them mortal. 'Tis a cloud
Break sudden on the walls! The fretted roof
Grows living! Let me hear a human voice,
Or I shall play the madman!"

Enter Iomene, richly dressed.

Iom. Noble soldier,
I bid thee welcome, with the returning heat
Of one for whom thy patriot arm hath wrought
Deliverance and revenge—but more for Athens
Than for myself. I hail thee: why dost droop?
Art thou oppressed with honour, as a weight
Thou wert not born to carry? I will tell
That which shall shew thee native to the load,
And will requite thee with a joy as great
As that thou hast confer'd. Thy life was hid
Beneath inglorious accident, till force
Of its strong current urged it forth to day,
To glisten and expand in sun-light. Know
That it has iss'd from a fountain great
As is its destiny.—Thou sharpest with me
The blood of Theseus.

Tho. If thy speech is true,
And I have something in me which responds
To its high tidings, I am doom'd to bear
A load for wo which I believ'd the gods
Would not lay on me;—I have stood
Unwittingly in a sullen hedge,
By ponderous gloom encircled,—thou hast shewn
The mountain-summit mournfully rever'd
In the black mirror of a lurid lake,
Whose waters soon shall cover me.—I've stain'd
A freeman's nature; thou hast shewn it sprung
From gods and heroes, and wouldst have me proud
Of the foul sacrilege.

Iom. If that just deed,
Which thus disturbs thy fancy, were a crime,
What is it in the range of glorious acts,
Past and to come, to which thou art allied,
But a faint speck, an atom, which no eye
But thine would dwell on?

Tho. It infests them all,
Spreads out funeral blackness as they pass

In sad review before me. Hadst thou pour'd
This greatness on my unpolished heart,
How had it bounded! now it tortures me,
From thee, fell sorceress, who snar'd my soul
Here—in this very hall!—May the strong curse
Which breathes from out the ruins of a nature
Blasted by guilt!—

Iom. Hold! partridge—forbear!
She whom thou hast aveng'd, she whom the death
Of Creon hath set free, whom thou wouldest curse,
Is she who bore thee!

Tho. Thou! Dost doubt my word?
Is there no witness in thy mantling blood
Which tells thee whence 'twas drawn? Is nature silent?
If, from the mists of infancy, no form
Of her who, sunk in poverty, forgot
Its ills in tending thee, and made the hopes
Which glimmer'd in thy smiles her comfort,—gleams
Upon the yet;—hast thou forgot the night
When forges from Corinth toss'd a brand
Upon the roof that shelter'd thee; dragg'd out
The mother from the hearth-stone where she sat,
Resign'd to perish, shrieking for the babe
Whom from her bosom they had rent? That child
Now listens. As in rapid flight, I gazed
Backward upon the blazing ruin, shapes
Of furries, from amid the fire, look'd out
And grim'd upon me. Every weary night,
While I have lain upon my wretched bed,
They have been with me, pointing to the hour
Of vengeance. Thou hast wrought it for me, son!
Embrace thy mother.

Tho. WOULD the solid earth
Would open, and enfold me in its strong
And stifling grasp, that I might be as though
I never was born.

Iom. Dost mock me? I have clasp'd
Sorrow and shame as if they were my sons,
To keep my heart from hardening into stone;
The promis'd hour arriv'd; and when it came,
The fugitives, in repayment, sent an arm,
Moulded from mine, to strike the oppressor dead.
I triumph'd,—and I sent thee!

Tho. Dost confess
That, conscious who I was, thou urg'd my knife
Against the king?

Iom. Confess! I glory in it!—
Thy arm hath done the purpose of my will;
For which I bless it. Now I am thy suitor,
Victorious hero! Pay me for those cares
Long past, which man ne'er guesses at;—for years
Of idle, silent suffering, which young soldiers
Have not a word to bade forth; for all,—
By filling up the want these fond arms,
Which held thee first.

Tho. (shaking from her.) I cannot. I will kneel,
To thank thee for thy love, ere thou didst kill
Honour and hope;—then grovel at thy feet,
And pray the trample out of the wretched life
Thou gav'st me.

Tho. Ha! Beware, unfeeling man!—
I had oppos'd, had crush'd all human loves,
And they were wither'd; thou hast call'd them forth,
Rushing in crowds from memory's thousand cells,
To scoff at them. Beware! They will not slumber,
But sting like scorpions."

We shall only add, that the muse of "Ion" has no cause to regret the appearance of her sister.

Montrose and the Covenanters, their Characters, and Conduct; Illustrated from Private Letters and other Original Documents, hitherto unpublished, Embracing the Times of Charles I., from the Rise of the Troubles in Scotland to the Death of Montrose. By Mark Napier, Esq. Advocate. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1833. Duncan.

WHENEVER muniment chests are ransacked, and original contemporary correspondence brought to light, then the public gather something of the truth of history. The black characters of that sort of romantic speculation and partisan misrepresentation which is called History, may, perchance, turn out to be white; and, *vice versa*, the white exemplars black. The hero may be found to be a rogue, the rogue a hero, the loyal faithless, the trimmer consistent, the monster manly, the saint hypocritical, the liberal selfish, the patriot villainous. No matter what arguments the author who produces such documents to the world may raise upon them: he may be right or wrong; but there are the *data* themselves, upon the authenticity of which, looking to the hands whence they come, and the circumstances under which they are written, every man is competent to form his own opi-

nions; and thus to arrive at a true judgment upon the actors of other days, and the events which make the lessons of national importance to our own, and to all future times.

Such are the volumes before us. Notwithstanding all that has been published respecting the period of which they treat, they furnish new materials of extreme interest,—of a degree of interest probably increased even by the diligent sifting which that period has previously received from minds of every class, and parties of every hue of religious and political feeling. The editor ranks himself strenuously on the side of Montrose and his friend and relative, Napier;* and he thus takes his ground:—

"In the progress of events, all that was honest and sincere of the anti-papistical party in Scotland was superseded by an insidious democratic clique, who, disguised for a time under the mantles of such enthusiasts as Knox and Napier, and pretending to identify Episcopacy with Popery, pressed onwards through their various stages of duplicity and crime, until an ephemeral throne, born of their anarchy, was reared upon the prostrate necks of religion and liberty, whose sacred names they had taken in vain. Hence it happened, that the immediate representative of the great Napier, and his illustrious pupil, Montrose, were covenanting at first, and, without the sacrifice of a principle, martyrs to their loyalty in the end. But, even in our own enlightened times, there is a disposition to confound the cause of truth with that career of democracy, and to claim for the factious Covenanter of Argyle's dictatorship,—as vicious a compound as ever agitated under a veil of sanctity.—the respect due to the stern virtues of some of our early reformers, and also, that admiring sympathy which the violent and impolitic retaliation of the government of the second James has rendered no less due to the wrapt heroism of the Cameronian peasant. Some, indeed, carry their vague ideas of the political sobriquet, 'Covenanters,' so far as to consider the term sacred, to identify those factious with the church of Scotland in all eras, and to resent any attempt at exposing their vices with as much keenness as if the respectability of the Presbyterian forms depended upon the fame of the unprincipled school of Argyle, such as Wariston, and Lauderdale himself, the persecutor of the second race of Covenanters. It is not, however, in a sense so indiscriminate that I have adopted the title 'Montrose and the Covenanters,' or have instituted that contrast. The name and actions of Montrose were too conspicuous and influential, in his critical times, not to have become familiar even to such as cannot, in a strict sense, be termed readers of history. The romantic pages and historic genius of Sir Walter Scott have made the hero as well known to the general or luxurious reader, as he is to those who study, more inquiringly and systematically, all the historical annals of their country. Hence there is an impression, widely prevailing, though very erroneous, that no more need, or can, be re-ordained of Montrose and his times. But, I venture to say, had the original materials now first brought to light in the following pages been in the possession of David Hume, or Sir Walter Scott, greatly would the acquisition have aided, enlightened, and enriched, a deeply interesting and important chapter of their historical compositions. Even the domestic facts, though few in number, which I have been

* First Lord Napier, and son of the famous inventor of the logarithms, from whom he inherited highly conscientious Protestant feelings, without disloyal or anti-monarchical principles.

enabled to add to a more minute illustration of the principles of Montrose's public conduct than had hitherto been afforded, would have been treasures in the hands of the 'Great Magician.' With such stores, new to the world, his exquisite, but unfortunately too meagre, 'Legend of Montrose,' might have expanded in a work of yet greater interest and effect; combining, too, the truth and importance of historical discovery with some domestic matters of unquestionable fact, that beggar even his powers of romantic fiction. The devotion to Montrose of his nephew, who was so dearly beloved in return, and who preserved that devotion to his uncle in the face of the most powerful intreaties and temptations to forsake, or at least to quit him; the no less heroic adherence, to Montrose and his cause, displayed by his nieces, who, on his account, suffered the imprisonment of malefactors, and were reduced from the affluence and luxuries of their high station to discomfort and poverty; the 'well-known token,' sent by them to guide the hero to his career of ill-fated victories; the abstracting of his heart from his mutilated trunk beneath the gibbet; and, above all, the extraordinary progress of that romantic relic, through perils by land and sea, even into the possession, and among the barbaric treasures, of an Indian chief,—himself an heroic sufferer, whom we must not call savage,—these are incidents which ought to have been introduced to the world by no other pen than Sir Walter Scott's; but which, it may be hoped, will cause, even by this humble record of them, the 'Legend of Montrose' itself to be perused with additional interest. The most important new matter, however, contained in these volumes, are the historical fragments obtained from the private archives of the Napier family, with the addition of some discoveries among the manuscripts of the Advocate's Library. These throw an entirely new light upon the moral springs of Montrose's isolated and almost incredible exertions, and at the same time, aid not insignificantly our reflections upon the state and results of his times,—an exhaustless source of political and moral instruction."

Having rescued Montrose from the virulent abuse of Brodie, Mr. Napier flies at Burnet, and produces some very curious illustrations of that individual's proceedings, at variance with his own assumed boldness and independence. Among the Merchiston papers, the following remarkable letter* is discovered, and thus brought forward:—

* The history of this letter, now first published, he tells us is that "Archibald, the second Lord Napier, Montrose's nephew and devoted companion-in-arms, was, eventually, succeeded in the honours of Napier by his second daughter, Margaret. This lady was married to John Brisbane, Esq., whose epitaph is in St. George's Chapel at Windsor, refers shortly to his distinguished public services. 'Here lies the body of John Brisbane, Esquire, who served King Charles the Second in many honourable employments, and died Envoy Extraordinary for Scotland in the year 1654, aged 46 years.' He was a friend and patron of the king, and, when Burnet wrote to him the object letter, which thus came to be preserved in the Napier charter-chest, Brisbane held the office of Secretary to the Admiralty. It is curious to compare the style of the letter in question with the following, written by Burnet to the Baroness Napier in her widowhood, and when he, Brisbane's 'poor melancholy friend,' had attained the courtly distinction and state influence of his latter days. The sufferings of the Napier family in the cause of royalty were more handsomely acknowledged than compensated after the Restoration, and Lady Napier had not the means of supporting her rank without assistance from government. The following letter to her from Bishop Burnet, of which the original is in the Napier charter-chest, appears to have been in consequence of some statement of her claims made through the bishop.

"Madam,—I wish I could as effectually serve your ladyship and your son, as I am sure I will endeavour it

"It is sufficient to premise that the letter is occasioned by that memorable crisis of the Rye-house plot, when, after the suicide of Essex, Lord Russell is under condemnation, and on the eve of ascending the scaffold. It is addressed, 'For John Brisbane, Esquire,' (Secretary of the Admiralty), and within the cover there is written—

"Dear Sir,—I have writ the enclosed paper with as much order as the confusion I am under can allow. I leave it to you to shew it to my Lord Halifax, or the king, as you think fit, only I beg you will do it as soon as may be, that in case my Lord Russel sends for me, the king may not be provoked against me by that. So, dear sir, adieu."

"Memorandum for Mr. Brisbane,—to let my L. Privy Seal know that out of respect to him, I do not come to him.* That I look on it as a great favour, that when so many houses were searched, mine was not, in which tho' nothing could have been found, yet it would have marked me as a suspected person. That I never was in my whole life under so terrible a surprise and so deep a melancholy as the dismal things these last two or three days has brought forth spreads over my mind; for God knows I never so much as suspected any such thing; all I fear'd was only some rising if the king should happen to die; and that I only collected out of the obvious things that every body sees as well as I do, and to prevent that took more pains than perhaps any man in England did, in particular with my unfortunate friends, to let them see that nothing brought in Popery so fast in Q. Marie's days as the business of L. Jane Grey, which gave it a greater advance in the first moneth of that reign; otherwise it is likely it would have made during her whole life. So that I had not the least suspicion of this matter; yet if my Lord Russell calls for my attendance now, I cannot decline it; but I shall doe my duty with that fidelity as if any privy-counsellour were to overhear all that shall passe between us. I am upon this occasion positively resolved never to have any thing to doe more with men of business, particularly with any in opposition to the court, but will divide the rest of my life between my function and a very few friends, and my laboratory; and upon this, I passe my word and faith to you, and that being given under my hand to you, I doe not doubt but you will make the like engagements in my name to the king; and I hope my L. Privy Seal will take occasion to doe the like, for I think he will believe me. I ask not expect nothing, but only to stand clear in the king's

with my utmost force. I must freely tell you that I am afraid all your ancient pretensions, how just soever, will not be of great use to you; for since those princes, upon whom they lay more immediately, thought themselves so little bound to satisfy them, I cannot flatter your hopes so far as to desire you to think that these will signify very much now; nor can I think that Mr. Brisbane's memory will be very much considered by those who never knew him. Must be your own worth, and the dignity of that noble family which your royal relations must be your chief protection, and I do assure you, that when the revenue of Scotland comes to be settled, I shall employ all the skill and credit that I have in the world, to procure that for you which may be worthy of you. But the less this is known, I will be the more able to serve you. I have restored your papers to Mrs. Erskine, and I beg you will believe that I have so great and tender a regard to Mr. Brisbane's memory, and such an high esteem of you, that I will always look out for every opportunity by which I may witness how much I am, madam, your ladyship's most humble and most obedient servant,

"Whitehall, the 25th of February, G. BURNET."

"Lord Halifax. If Burnet, as he in his 'History' was in the habit, before and after the date of this letter, of bearding in their dens both the king and the heir presumptive, why so ceremonious with the Privy Seal?"

"Yt by his 'History' we are led to believe that Burnet's attendance on Lord Russell, in his last moments, was a determined act of magnanimous friendship."

thoughts; for preferment, I am resolved against it, tho' I could obtain it; but I beg not to be more under hard thoughts, especially since in all this discovery there has not been so much occasion to name me as to give a rise for a search, and the friendship I had with these two,* and their confidence in me in all other things, may shew that they know I was not to be spoke to in any thing against my duty to the king. I doe beg of you that no discourse may be made of this, for it would look like a sneaking for somewhat, and you in particular know how farre that is from my heart; therefore I need not beg of you, nor of my Lord Halifax, to judge aright of this message; but if you can make the king think well of it, and say nothing of it, it will be the greatest kyndnes you can possibly doe me. I would have done this sooner, but it might have looked like fear or guilt, so I forbore hitherto; but now I thought it fit to doe it. I choose rather to write it than say it; both that you might have it under my hand, that you may see how sincere I am in it, as also because I am now so overcharged with melancholy that I can scarce endure any company, and for two nights have not been able to sleep an hour. One thing you may, as you think fit, tell the king, that tho' I am too inconsiderable to think I can ever serve him while I am alive, yet I hope I shall be able to doe it to some purpose after I am dead; this you understand, and I will do it with zeal; so, my dear friend, pity your poor melancholy friend, who was never in his whole life under so deep an affliction, for I think I shall never enjoy myselfe after it, and God knows death would be now very welcomme to me; doe not come near me for some time, for I cannot bear any company, only I go oft to my Lady Essex, and weep with her; and, indeed, the king's carriage to her has been so great and worthy, that it can never be too much admired, and I am sure, if ever I live to finish what you know I am about, it and all the other good things I can think of shall not want all the light I can give them. Adieu, my dear friend, and keep this as a witness against me if I ever fail in the performance of it. I am, you know, with all the zeal and fidelity possible, your most faithful and most humble servant,

"G. BURNET."

"Sunday Morning,

17th July, 1683."

"Burnet's abject letter did not succeed. He was disgraced, and obliged to go abroad. He became the most active agent of the revolution, and obtained a mitre from King William."

Mr. Napier reasons much on this epistle, and places it in strong opposition to Burnet's own assertions and boasts; but we can only refer to these pages.

Lord Napier's account, in a private diary, of his interviews with Charles, when his enemies were endeavouring, by intrigue and falsehoods, to undermine him with the king, is full of interest, and shews his majesty in an amiable light.

"When (says this record) for a factious purpose, the old Earl of Mar 'fell down on his knees with his crutches, and with tears intreated the king—thus stirring pity to cause injustice—the king said, 'My lord, I would do you any favour, but I cannot do injustice for you';—and that when a dominant faction, upon whom his majesty felt entirely dependent in the government of Scotland, presented, for his signature, a tyrannical letter against a faithful servant, whose only power was his integrity,

"Essex and Russell."

his majesty threw it away, saying, 'This man has suffered enough already.'

One of his adversaries was Lord Haddington, upon whom there is a smart epigram among Sir James Balfour's manuscripts, in the Advocates' Library, which in modern orthography runs thus:

'Here lies a lord, who, while he stood,
Had matchless been, had he been
This epitaph's a syllable short.
And ye may add a syllable to it,
But what that syllable doth import;
My dead lord could never do it.'

As we are on the eve of a coronation, we will take a glance back two centuries, and pray that no such hollowness and treachery may ever be found again in the annals of England.

"At length Charles effected that memorable progress, in the month of June 1633. On the night before his coronation, he was feasted in the castle of Edinburgh by the old Earl of Mar, whom he had beheld at his feet, crutches and all, 'stirring pity to cause injustice.' On the morrow, when seated in the great hall of the castle, to receive the crown, which some would fain have filched from him; it was Hay, the crabbed chancellor — he whose 'manner was to interrupt all men when he was disposed to speak, and the king, too' — that now, in the name of the estates of the kingdom, 'spake to the king.' Among the six noblemen, whom his majesty selected to support the bearers of his canopy, was Lord Napier. Rothes, the father of the future Covenant, carried the sceptre, — and Lorn, the deeper and more deadly promoter of the rebellion, assisted to bear the train. The factious insolency of his Scotch nobles, which Charles had experienced in England, he now met with, in more dangerous and personal collision, 'at home.' No sooner had he set his foot in Scotland than he created the chancellor Earl of Kinnoul — a favour which had little effect in mollifying the temper of that statesman. Charles had always wished that the primate of Scotland should have precedence of the chancellor; 'which (says Sir James Balfour) the Lord Chancellor Hay, a gallant stout man, would never consent to, nor ever suffer him to have place of him, do what he could, all the days of his life-time.' Once, again, Charles endeavoured to effect this. It was when arranging the pageantry of his coronation with Sir James Balfour, the Lord Lyon, in whose own graphic words we must give the anecdote. 'I remember that King Charles sent me to the lord chancellor, being then Earl of Kinnoul, the day of his own coronation, in the morning, to shew him that it was his will and pleasure, but only for that day, that he would cede and give place to the archbishop; but he returned by me to his majesty a very brisk answer, which was, that, since his majesty had been pleased to continue him in that office of chancellor, which, by his means, his worthy father, of happy memory, had bestowed upon him, he was ready, in all humility, to lay it down at his majesty's feet; but, since it was his royal will he should enjoy it with the known privileges of the same, never a stol'd priest in Scotland should set a foot before him so long as his blood was hot. When I had related his answer to the king, he said, "Weel, Lyon, let's go to business; I will not meddle further with that old, cankered, gouty man, at whose hands there is nothing to be gained but sour words." Thus even the regal procession, which to the eyes of all Scotland betokened gaiety and gladness, was to the devoted monarch replete with vexation and bitterness. From that hollow pageantry he passed to his parliament of Scotland, with a spirit

lofty, and long chafed, but as placable as it was royal.'

From this our author comes to the holy League and Covenant, of which he thus speaks:

'The history of 'this wicked Covenant' — and, if lawless designs and cruel deeds, perpetrated under a false though specious exterior of religion and patriotism, be sins, the Covenant was, indeed, very wicked — we shall have to trace in recording the life and death of Montrose.'

From a contemporary MS. of James Gordon, parson of Rothesay, we have the following striking account of the signing of this memorable association:

"The Covenant was no sooner agreed upon, but instantly it was begun to be subscribed, in Edinburgh first; and the church chosen out for that solemnity was the Grayfriars church; where, after it had been read over publicly, and a long speech had been made by the Lord Loudon in commendation thereof, Mr. Alexander Henderson seconded him with a prayer, and then all fell a swearing and subscribing, some of the nobility leading the way. The first, as I am credibly informed, was John Gordon, earl of Sutherland, and the next was Sir Andrew Murray, lord Balvaird, minister at Abdie, in Fife; two noblemen who, out of zeal to their profession, without any by-ends, thought it a happiness to be among the first subscribers and swearers to the Covenant. After them, all that were present ran to the subscription of it, and then through the rest of the city it went, every one contesting who might be first, and others, without further examination, or questioning the articles thereof, following their example. Women, young people, and servant-maids, did swear and hold up their hands to the Covenant. All who were present at Edinburgh at that meeting, in the month of February, subscribed and swore to the Covenant before they went from thence, and, at their parting, ministers, and noblemen, and gentlemen, who were well affected to the cause, carried copies thereof along with them, or caused them to be written out after their return to their several parishes and counties of Scotland; which copies were ordinarily written upon great skins of parchment, for which cause, at that time, in a written pasquil, the Covenant was termed the constellation upon the back of Aries. And such as took copies along with them to be subscribed, caused ordinarily such as had been sworn, or underwritten their names already, if they were noblemen or ministers of note, to set to their hands anew to the several copies, that, where themselves could not be present to invite others, their handwriting might be their proxy. The months of February, March, and April, were mostly spent in subscribing the Covenant, as that time, and some while after, in purchasing hands thereto. The greater that the number of the subscribers grew, the more impious they were in exacting subscriptions from others who refused to subscribe, so that by degrees they proceeded to contumelies, and exposing of many to injuries and reproaches; and some were threatened and beaten who durst refuse, especially in greatest cities (as likewise in other smaller towns), namely, at Edinburgh, St. Andrews, Glasgow, Lanark, and many other places. Gentlemen and noblemen carried copies of it about in their portmanteaus and pockets, requiring subscriptions thereto, and using their utmost endeavours with their friends in private to subscribe. It was subscribed publicly in churches, ministers exhorting their people thereto; it was subscribed and sworn privately; all had power to

take the oath, and were licensed and welcome to come in; and any that pleased had power and license to carry the Covenant about with him, and give the oath to such as were willing to subscribe and swear. And such was the zeal of many subscribers, that, for a while, many subscribed with tears on their cheeks; and it is constantly reported that some did draw their own blood, and used it in place of ink to underwrite their names. Such ministers as spoke most for it were heard so passionately, and with such frequency, that churches could not contain their hearers in cities, — some keeping their seats from Friday to Sunday to get the communion given them sitting, — some of the devout sex, as if they had kept vigils, sitting all night before such sermons in the churches, for fear of losing a room or place of hearing, or, at the least, some of their handmaids sitting constantly there all night, till their mistresses came to take up their places and to relieve them; so that several, as I had it from very sober and credible men, under that religious confinement, were forced to give way to those natural necessities which they could no longer contain. These things will scarce be believed; but I relate them upon the credit of such as knew this to be truth. Nor were they scrupulous to give the Covenant, to such as started at any point thereof, with such protestations as in some measure were destructive to the sense thereof, as was seen in several instances, so that they got subscriptions enough thereto; and it came to that height, indeed, that such as refused to subscribe were accounted no better than Papists. Such ministers as dissuaded their people from subscription, either had enough ado to maintain themselves in their parishes (and though afterwards they did subscribe, yet other quarrels were found to drive them from their stations), or, if not that, do or say what they pleased, they were held in suspicion and not trusted. Although it be true that some ministers, who were recusants at first, did afterwards vie for zeal and activity with the first subscribers, — by this means both redeeming their debt of time, and rubbing off all suspicion from themselves, — others were forced to flee and desert their stations and places, being persecuted by their parishioners, especially such as had been active for the bishops, and had been hasty to read or commend the Service-Book, or Book of Canons. Many ministers at first, not being well satisfied, refused to subscribe, pretending scruple of conscience; and some few, as we shall hear, were scrupled indeed. Other ministers, as other men likewise, hopeful that the cause would not prevail, refused to swear, fearing that the king and bishops would in the end be masters, and question all that was done. Some ministers who were concerned in the bishops, out of fashion, stood out for a while, and suffered e'er they were aware, finding, too late, to their sad experience, that the bishops, their prop, were removed from them. It were a longsome task to give an account of all the particulars. Most of these passages are fresh in the memories of many now living, who, after some few years, finding the effects not agreeable to their expectation of what was promised, became cold, and remitted of their former zeal, and not a few turned as bitter enemies to the Covenant as they were at first forward friends to it, and died fighting against it, or suffered exemplary deaths upon scaffolds for opposing that which once voluntarily they did engage themselves to maintain. All noblemen, and gentlemen, and others who were wearied of the present government, and ma-

igned the episcopal greatness, readily embraced it, and most part or all of their followers by their example. Ministers who had ever been opposite to the bishops, and such ceremonies as King James had established, subscribed with the first, and, by their examples, drew either most part of their parishes or all of them after them. Such ministers as refused, they took pains to win over to their side by allurement and dispute,—if they were men otherwise pious, or painful in their calling, or learned,—but, if they knew them to be faulty, then they were brought over with threats and terror of church censures. Such ministers for a while stood out till they saw no shelter elsewhere, and then there were of them who were glad to flee into the Covenant as a sanctuary; (instances of such might be given, but I forbear to rub upon the crimes of such who are removed, and gone to their place,) some, yet living, and known to have come over upon that account. Finally, the fears of the more zealous professors that religion was in hazard, the factious spirits of others, example, allurement, threats, terrors, brought over the multitude. The non-subscribers, on the other part, might be reduced either to, 1. Papists, for it was destructive to their profession; 2. Such as would not engage for displeasing the king, as holding their places of him, or those who, by their refusal of the Covenant, thought one day to plead merit and reward at the king's hand, without any further aim or reason, being otherwise not concerned in the matter of religion: others were non-subscribers, as being unsatisfied that the ceremonies of the church of England, Perth articles, and episcopacy, should be abjured as popery, they being already established: others quarrelled both with the abjuring of these things for their matter, as also for the formality of the oath, and refused to accept of it,—as pressed without and contrary to authority, without necessity,—or for all these causes together. Albeit the subscription of the Covenant was carried on, as to the multitude, in short space, yet this was but a declaring of men's party who before were practised upon, or had fully discovered themselves, nor were they so inconsiderate as to fall a subscribing it publicly till they were sure, underhand, of the greatest part of the kingdom, who, for their power and number, might be able to bear down all their opposers. Nor were underhand assurances wanting from England; for, without that, there had been as many opposers as might have rendered the game hazardous and desperate enough. As they did encourage them to declare themselves, so it did quickly let all be seen who were either against them upon their own private account (these were all the Papists), or such as would own the king's authority, which was now beginning to reel in Scotland. So that now they began to be distinguished by divers names, as well as factions,—Protestants and Papists, who were non-subscribers, were put all in one predicament, and called anti or non-Covenanters; and all the subscribers were called Covenanters, which names afterward changed into others equivalent, as the face of affairs altered."

The author labours hard to palliate Montrose's early and powerful efforts in this cause, his entrance into which he ascribes not to resentment for the king's reception at court, but to youth, enthusiasm, and the seductions of Rothes and the minister of Methven; and also to represent his military career in the north as humane and merciful, instances of which he cites. To the Marquess of Hamilton he attributes great treachery, and—but we cannot go

into the details, and must conclude this notice with the reconciliation of Montrose to the king in 1640, at Berwick, when the Covenanters, under Leslie, invaded England. Then, in the midst of extending troubles, and disgusted with his confederates, he left them, and with all his zeal, energy, and talent, adopted the loyal and conservative cause.

Walter Devereall; a Domestic Tale. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1838. Saunders and Otley. An amusing narrative; the interest of which is very faintly sustained to the *dénouement*. The author, or authoress, is evidently rather a novice in the art of book-making; as the vols. before us contain incident upon incident, at the rate of three events to a chapter at least: in practised hands, one half these would have sufficed, and, in our opinion, the story would have lost nothing by being rather less crowded with adventures. Some lively sketches of people mingle agreeably with passages displaying considerable feeling. The following has a good deal of reality about it:—

"The drawing-room was furnished and laid out on the same plan as the rest of the dwelling; care and precision reigning over all. The carpet, covered by brown holland also, displayed only as much of its beauties, in divers corners of the apartment, as to shew that there was a carpet. The chair-bottoms were all enveloped in similar coverings; and the frames of several oil paintings, and of two mirrors, were wrapped in yellow gauze. Every thing was in its own place; the very blinds looked as if they had never been drawn further up, or further down, since they were put there. It seemed almost unnatural to see the single chair, which our hero occupied, moved out of its place beside the others, which were arranged at equal distances against the walls. On looking down, too, Walter discovered that he had forgotten to scrape or wipe his boots, which were much soiled by the watered roads; and several clumps of half-dried mud, which had adhered to them, had come off, and stained the perfectly pure brown holland on the floor. Walter felt annoyed, for he had no wish to give offence; and, stooping down, he carefully picked up the offending materials and threw them under the grate, glad to get rid any way of the proofs of his guilt. The door opened, and in walked James, with—'Mother sent me up to ask if you wouldnt' rather come down-stairs to the parlour, as you must be tired by yourself.' As this was said standing, with the door-handle in his hand, it seemed to imply a wish as much as a proposal. Walter assented, though one room was the same as another to him. As they descended, Walter observed his companion cast a glance of dubious import at his boots. 'I am afraid,' said our hero, 'I have neglected to wipe my feet.' 'Oh, it don't matter,' replied James, in a tone that plainly betrayed how much it did matter. 'I beg pardon, sir,' continued James; 'but my mother is so very particular about her rooms. Perhaps you'd be kind enough to wipe your boots on this mat,' pointing to one at the top of the kitchen stairs. Walter obeyed. 'Fortunately I picked up the mud,' thought he. The old housekeeper at West Hall used sometimes to scold him about dirty boots; but Mr. Sharpquill's dwelling seemed much more sacred. On entering the parlour, they found the cloth laid for dinner; and the neat servant-girl cutting bread into small square pieces, and putting one of these pieces at the right hand of every knife and fork. 'Sarah, Sarah!' cried Mrs. Sharpquill's voice from below. 'Yes, ma'am!'

and, whispering to James, 'Just put down the salt-cellars,' the girl ran off to obey the summons. James put down the salt-cellars; and Walter looked from the window at two little children who were standing outside, with hoops, and gazing down the area, apparently interested in the motions of some one in the kitchen."

And our next quotation is a fair specimen of the graver portions of the book.

"The sum which Devereall had obtained was the payment for some translations he had written for a review, which had at last accepted him as a contributor. Ten guineas was the amount; but that was a fortune to them who had known the want of bread; and Devereall felt that he might almost hope. Alas, no!—when he gazed on the wasted form of his beloved wife, he felt that she was dying, and, without her, he knew that worldly wealth would be worthless to him. 'I wish I could think that you were better, Emma,' said he, as he bent over her, and supported her form on his manly arm; 'but, although you smile and look happy, I fear you are even worse than when I left you this morning. Now, do not oppose me any longer. I have the means, and am determined to procure some proper medical attendance, to see if that will have any effect in restoring you.' 'Walter, you are too good, too anxious about me; and it grieves me to be obliged to inflict pain on you; but I know—I feel that nothing in this world can make me better. Indeed, but for your sake, and that of our dear boy, I am resigned to die. For you—I would entreat you to be comforted; but I know it is useless; alas! and it pains me to think what troubles I have caused you—but for me, you might have been rich and happy.' 'Emma, if you love me, forbear! but for you, I had never known happiness; without you, I should be worse than wretched. Nay, do not look so sadly—you must get better—I shall not be always baffled by misfortune—No, no; I shall be rich, and you shall be happy; and our boy shall live to rejoice that heaven blessed him with such a mother.' As Devereall spoke, his cheek glowed with emotion; he lifted his child in his arms, and, placing it on the bed, he said, with emphasis, 'Yes, my boy, you will live to love your mother, and to scorn those who have wronged her.' 'Yes, father, I will,' cried the child, throwing his arms round his mother's neck. The emotion which this scene called forth, was too much for the exhausted frame of Mrs. Devereall. She clasped her boy to her bosom, and then, turning, leant for support on the shoulder of her husband, with a helpless weakness that alarmed him. 'Emma, dear Emma!' exclaimed he, in terror, 'you seem worse, my love.' 'Fear not, Walter; I shall be better presently,' replied she, affectionately, leaning her head on his bosom; for she sat upright in the bed. With trembling anxiety, Devereall supported her for some moments; then, gently raising her, he looked anxiously in her face—*She was dead!*'"

We must find fault with the frequent printing in Italics, the author's meaning being obvious without such aid; also some rencontres are rather too *apropos* for reality: these are trifling errors, and we only point them out as faults to be avoided in any future work.

Six Years in Biscay; comprising a Personal Narrative of the Sieges of Bilbao, &c., from 1830 to 1837. By J. F. Bacon. 8vo. pp. 478. London, 1838. Smith, Elder, and Co. THE result of personal observation during the

time specified, of which five years was spent in Bilbao, this work may, by comparison with the many newspaper and other accounts which have appeared descriptive of the same circumstances, tend to afford correct data respecting these events, and particularly with regard to the desperate sieges of Bilbao. The *Literary Gazette*, however, is no fit field to repeat these military movements, or record these sanguinary fights and massacres. After years of a depopulating warfare, the struggle seems to be very nearly where it was: only the country is ruined.

"Central Spain (says our author), from one end to the other, is overrun with bands, led by ruffians, who assume the names of 'the Eternal Father,' 'the Holy Ghost,' &c.; but which, it must be supposed, imply neither profanity nor blasphemy, seeing that they espouse the cause of the priesthood. In Aragon, since the loss of Morella, General Oraa is hard pushed to make head against Cebreva, while in the northern provinces the queen's generals have withdrawn several of their garrisons. The fifth year of this eventful struggle has now closed; and, although the pretender may have succeeded in spreading the war over the provinces of Castille, it may still be doubted if he is at all nearer the throne of Spain than when at Chamusca. Of course, the high-church party in the peninsula will strain every nerve to prolong the contest; to them, the misery and desolation thereby occasioned is matter of triumph. The Carlists will, no doubt, pursue, in the next campaign, the same policy as in the last. During the winter, whilst their main body is reorganising in the Basque provinces, safe from all disturbance, small bands are launched forth over the provinces to scour the country, burn and plunder the villages, collect recruits, and weary the troops with endless marching. Not only are the queen's forces harassed by these numerous bands, who ravage the country with the speed and cruelty of a horde of Tartars, but the civil government itself is completely broken down by these marauding excursions; the laws are trampled under foot; justice is not administered; no taxes are paid to the state; the young men are carried off to fill the Carlist ranks. This is the dismal picture which one half of Spain presents. There is no security for the husbandman—none for the dwellers in villages or small towns; so that it is most probable that not two years more will pass over without the country being visited by a famine like that of 1812, and thus the horrors of this terrible drama will be deepened. Should it be asked, What probability exists of this strife being soon terminated? The reply, in my opinion, should be, None."

So much for the general opinions of a Christian writer.

Letters from the Levant during the Embassy to Constantinople, 1716-18. By Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. With a Preliminary Discourse and Notes, by J. A. St. John, Esq. 12mo, pp. 233. London, 1833. Rickerby. THESE well-known letters are here well edited by Mr. St. John, who, in his preliminary essay, makes the best apology he can for Lady Mary's moral code, and contends stoutly for the high pre-eminence of her literary qualities, extenuating her vices and eulogising her talents. In one page he rather startles us by arguing that the harem ladies of Turkey are preferable to our British fair. We quote the passage as an example.

"At the period of her visit there was also

another peculiarity in Turkish manners, which, though undergoing great and rapid modifications, will, no doubt, long continue to be characteristic of the nation: I mean the striking contrast presented by the rough, uncouth, turbulent, uncertain existence of the men, and the life of tranquil enjoyment led by the women in the harems. Her ladyship does not, in so many words, point out this very peculiar feature in the ethical economy of the Ottomans; but her work suggests it, and furnishes many curious illustrations of the way in which it practically works. At the first blush, this part of their customs appears to possess advantages over our own. It unquestionably preserves among women a degree of simplicity and softness of manner unknown in those countries where the sexes jostle rudely against each other, and, in studies, habits, tone, and outward bearing, are scarcely distinguishable. A woman in the East has a woman's mind, and is not a sort of a man in petticoats. Her experience of the world is limited in the extreme. She walks abroad, indeed, and can see what is going on around her, but only as one sees a theatrical representation—without approaching nearly, sometimes without comprehending it. Her children, her husband, her near relations, a small circle of female friends,—these constitute for her all that we term society. She does not mingle with men till she forgets which is which. She does not dine, sup, drink wine, dance with strangers, until husband, home, and all that it contains, become indifferent to her. She is ignorant, indeed, if you will; but her husband does not discover it; and for this plain reason,—that he is no wiser himself. Our ladies, of course, are superior, because they are ours; but, if they are more knowing, they are less women; and the wight who should hope, in England, to escape from the din of politics, and the other exciting topics which distract him out of doors, by retiring to the apartments of his wife, might, perhaps, find her in conclave with a troop of attorneys, arranging a plan of operations for the ensuing election."

Rondeaux; translated from the Black Letter Edition of 1527. By J. R. Best, Esq. 3vo. London, 1833. Saunders and Otley. WE are pleased with this little attempt at giving a popular and amusing idea of the forms and character of parts of the old vernacular literature, though we scarcely think the particular subject has been well chosen. The poetry of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries, whether in France or England, is, with very few exceptions, of an extremely low degree of excellence. The spirit and rude beauty which often characterised the productions of an earlier period had disappeared; and, in the absence of that cultivated genius which only took its birth some half century later, we are treated with an abundance of cunningly woven devices, tiresome ballads, and, we may add, insipid *Rondeaux*. From a volume of this latter class of poetry, Mr. Best has made his translations, which, though we think his choice unfortunate, yet, we must confess, give a very fair notion of the originals; and as such we can recommend them to our readers, who, we are sure, will never take the trouble to read the latter. Mr. Best's illustrations and notes are not in very good taste: with some attempts at the burlesque, they are not witty, and they give us no information connected with the subject. If we were required to name a model for works of this class, we would point out the elegant work by Edgar

Taylor, which deserves to be universally known and read—“The Lays of the Minnesingers.”

We fancy that it is not every reader of our columns who knows what a *rondeau* was in the age of Francis the First. The following specimen will give him not only its identical form, but a description of its “good points” (a term, by the way, which our translator would derive from the French phrase, *en bon point*), to which every *rondeau* does not seem, by the samples, to have attained:—

“*Un bon Rondeau.*

A good rondeau I was induced to shew
To three fair ladies some short while ago;
Well knowing their ability and taste,
I reck'd, should they be pleased or cleft'd,
And pray'd that every fault they'd make me know.
The first did her most anxious care bestow
To impress one point from which I ne'er should go;
‘Upon a good beginning must be based
A good rondeau.’

Zeal bid the other's choicest language glow;

She softly said, ‘Recount you wear or woe,

Your every subject free from pause or haste,

Ne'er let your hero fail, nor be disgrac'd,’

The third—‘With varying emphasis should flow

A good rondeau.’”

The Voyages, Dangerous Adventures, and Imminent Escapes, of Captain Richard Falconer. Fifth Edition, reprinted from that of 1734. 12mo. London, 1833. Churton. THIS book, although a fifth edition, must, in some measure, come as a novelty before the public, for, during the space of many years, a copy of the book could scarcely be found. It is, in truth, an acceptable reprint. With all the romance of “Robinson Crusoe,” the voyages of Falconer present more various and striking incidents. The quaint style of the writing renders the narrative in many parts peculiarly humorous. Of this Mr. Falconer's escape from the mangineel poison is a specimen.

“As I was going one day to dine with Captain Kenda (a gentleman inhabiting within a mile of the bay in Porio Morant), attended by a black, a servant of his, I saw in the hedge a fair apple growing on a bush, which I readily gathered, and was conveying to my mouth, but was prevented by the black giving me a blow on the hand, which struck it from me. I immediately drew my sword at the scabbard, and fell to labour the poor fellow for his insolence; for I, having been familiar with him, and talked to him along the road, thought he made our old English proverb true—if you give an inch they'll take an ell. But it seemed the fellow saved my life by it, for this fruit, which was called a mangineel apple, was rank poison, but what I never had seen or heard of before. I was so concerned for the blows I had given the poor fellow, that I gave him a dollar to make him well again. I remember I was afterwards washing myself at a river, in the same bay, and it rained very hard; I went under a tree to save myself from being wet; and in placing myself under it, in a cavity of the shore, the drops of rain fell on a mangineel-tree, and so on my back; but in less than half an hour my flesh burned very hot, and little blisters appeared upon my skin, so much so that I was in a high fever. A native of the place being with me, ran for salt water, and washed me all over, and afterwards got some oil, in which he dipped my shirt, and putting it on my back, gave me ease immediately; but the spots remained upon my skin several years afterwards. One of our common sailors, by eating two or three of these apples, died in three days raving mad.”

The death of Randal, the companion of Falconer, on the desert island, is told with much feeling.

“When he found himself just upon the point of expiring, he made this short prayer, which was so imprinted on my memory, that I shall never forget it:—‘O Almighty Creator of heaven and earth, whose all-seeing eye looks into the innermost corner of the heart, pardon my offences which I heartily repent of, and rely upon the infinite grace of thy wonted mercy to absolve me of all my past crimes, through the merits of my Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.’ Then lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, he expired, with the happiness of contending in his right senses in such a fever, which is almost always attended with frenzy. After our sorrow for his death had somewhat abated, we consulted how to bury him. Mr. Middleton and Mr. Musgrave were for sewing him in his hammock and throwing him into the sea; but Mr. White and myself were for laying him on the land, which they agreed to; so we digged the hole which I designed for my well, seven feet long, and seven deep, and returned him to earth, from whence he came. Upon the bark of the tree that shaded his grave, I wrote this epitaph:—‘Under this tree lies the body of Thomas Randal.’

dal, gent. born in the city of Cork, A.D. 1611, who was thrown ashore with Richard White, William Musgrave, and Ralph Middleton, of Jamaica, to the consolation of Richard Falconer, of Bruton, in Somersetshire, who was unfortunately cast on shore before them on the 18th of September, 1699, yet received from their conversation a mitigation of his own misfortune. Whose chance it is ever to read these lines, pay a tear to the memory of Thomas Randal, and endeavour to make as good an end as he did, who died a natural death on Friday, December 21, 1629, in his perfect mind, and a full notion of the power of God, pardon all faults; whose failures were covered by a sincere penitence, dying every day he could. This took up a whole tree. Mr. Randal made no will, yet I claimed his dog, being the whelp of the bitch he found upon the rock which he was thrown upon in the Baltic, the bitch being dead some years before. We were forced to him up after we had buried Mr. Randal, for with his feet he would scrape holes in the grave two feet deep, and howl prodigiously."

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Geographical and Comparative List of the Birds of Europe and North America. By C. Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Musignano. 8vo. pp. 67. London, 1838. Van Voorst. This "general enumeration of the birds of Europe and North America, giving the comparative ornithology of these two regions, and containing the most complete list hitherto published of the birds of each, under their respective genera and tribes," is a highly useful production and valuable scientific record. The works of Gould and Audubon have properly been referred to as standard authorities; and ornithological geography takes a wide step of improvement in so far as that important branch is cultivated in this volume.

Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Edited by the Rev. H. H. Milman. Vol. II. London, 1838. Murray.

The notes to this volume are quite equal to the illustrations of the first, and serve greatly to explain, improve, and even correct the text. Mr. Milman is performing his task faithfully and conscientiously, and this new edition of Gibbon is worthy of both the original author and his editor. There is one history, partly connected with this, which we should like to see another Gibbon write;—we mean, a "History of Asia Minor," in a separate form, and not merely in the connexion of that most interesting country with other nations. How much light would it shed upon early Christianity, upon the most ancient records of mankind, Oriental, Greek, Roman, and Mahomedan!

The Pathogenic Effects of some of the Principal Homoeopathic Remedies, from the German. By Dr. Harris Dunsford. 8vo. pp. 276. London, 1838. Baillière. Renshaw.

Popular View of the Homoeopathic Doctrines. By Dr. Millingen. Pp. 56. London, 1838. Churchill.

The first of these works goes the whole length of Hahnemann, and upholds the Homoeopathic doctrine against any other which, by throwing more drugs than is needful into the system, creates diseases instead of abating or curing them. Perhaps, *in medio tutissimus*, would be the true maxim. Dr. Millingen's pamphlet is a sensible and moderate exposition, which, while it opposes the "absurd ideas" of the "visionary Hahnemann" and his proselytes, offers sagacious views on the general subject, and deduces useful lessons from the "ineffective practice" of out-and-out homoeopathists.

Mr. Midshipman Easy: Standard Novels. No. LXVII. (London, Beutl y.)—The triangular duel makes a very amusing vignette to this volume, which has also an appropriate frontispiece. The last Numbers bring Captain Maryatt's sea novels, altogether exceedingly neat and exceedingly cheap, within the compass of every class of book-buyers.

The County and City of Cork Remembrancer; or, Annals of the County and City of Cork. By Francis H. Tuckey, with an Introductory Essay. Part I. (Cork, Savage and Son.)—Mr. Tuckey, in his Preface, says, "It is to be regretted that little attention has been hitherto bestowed

upon the local antiquities of Ireland, a branch of her history which furnishes more useful information than is generally imagined. It appears strange that a people, whose general demand is for equality with the sister isle, should, on subjects of literature and science, quietly submit to inferiority; and more particularly in this, which simply requires patience and industry: and that, while the most difficult paths have been followed in pursuit of materials for the local history of Great Britain, Ireland should neglect those which are within the reach of every industrious inquirer." We perfectly agree with Mr. Tuckey states, and, therefore, cordially welcome his local history, which we perceive it is intended to complete in three parts, bringing down the annals to the year 1800.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

[Conclusion of last Report.]

SECONDLY. A letter on the subject of the late Arctic expedition, from Dr. Richardson, dated Haslar, April 22, 1838.

"My dear Sir,—It is peculiarly gratifying to me that the fitness of the plan of survey which I proposed some years ago, in a letter published in the *Geographical Journal*, has been thus practically shewn; and still more so, that Mr. Dease (associated with us on Sir John Franklin's expedition, and to whose friendly attentions we owed so much) should be one of the persons to anticipate the attempt of any foreign power to wrest from England the honour of the complete discovery of the Arctic coast of America. The ease with which the Esquimaux were conciliated, by mild and firm treatment, and the safety with which a very small party has visited several of their encampments, does away with the objection urged by some people against my plans—of its being too hazardous to venture on the coast with so small a party.

If Sir John Franklin, when surprised and almost overpowered by the numerous hordes of Esquimaux of Tent Island, had not humanely foreborne shedding blood, the incohore between Mr. Dease's party and the inhabitants of the coast would have been much less friendly.

Now the pacific visits of two parties of white men, and the social disposition of the Esquimaux, will greatly facilitate the approaches of future visitors. The party could spend the next winter on Dease's river (a name of a more happy omen than I anticipated, when I gave that appellation to the principal feeding stream of Great Bear Lake), and their boats would most likely be conveyed across to the Coppermine in the autumn, by open water, so as to obviate the necessity of dragging them on the snow this spring. The winter station chosen is an excellent one for procuring a supply of musk-ox meat, and reindeer venison, and it also yields fish; so that no fears need be excited about the support of a party not exceeding twenty. Mr. Dease is intimately acquainted with the Hare Indians, who hunt in that quarter, and will have no difficulty in obtaining much aid from that tribe in the transporting of his stores. By taking advantage of the floods occurring in the Coppermine towards the end of June, the boats will be enabled to reach the mouth of the river in two days, or three, at furthest, after embarking on it, and the party will most likely have to remain there for about a fortnight before the sea-ice breaks up, which is usually near the 10th or 12th of July. Three days of a fair wind, and no clear ice, will take them to Point Turnagain; and the short distance from thence to Ross's furthest, cannot occupy a great part of the remaining open season. Whether the survey can be carried to Back's River in one summer, depends entirely upon the configuration of the land, of which we are ignorant. If Boothia, or North Somerset, be a part of the main, the summer is obviously too short for compassing it by water,

though Mr. Simpson, by another well-judged pedestrian excursion, may connect his discoveries with Back's. No expedition fitted out in England, whatever the talents of the officers heading it might be, could promise greater results than the one now on foot. To Mr. Dease's thorough acquaintance with the character of the natives, and his abilities in provisioning a party from the resources of the country, Sir John Franklin has already borne honourable testimony, and no one can read the brief and modest account of the important results of the first year's exertions, without coming to the conclusion that Mr. Simpson is eminently gifted with the hardy spirit of enterprise, and promptness in action, necessary to form a successful traveller in a country where the transient nature of the fine season renders delay for deliberation, or the slightest dilatoriness, destructive to the enterprise. Mr. Simpson reminds me of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, who, by a coincidence not altogether accidental, but arising from a fitness of the place, also started from Fort Chepewyan, when he gave his name to a river, perhaps the noblest that flows in her Majesty's dominions. The public spirit of the Hudson's Bay Company deserves the highest credit, and they have evinced singular judgment in taking up the business just where government had dropped it. Their conduct is the more creditable as it is disinterested, the coast line yielding no fur but white fox skins, which will not pay for their transport.

"I am, &c. JOHN RICHARDSON.

"Captain Washington, R.N."

Sir John Barrow said, that twenty years had now elapsed, since he first gave an opinion on the subject of arctic discovery; and he then came to the conclusion, from reading the voyages of all the older navigators, that there existed an open navigable sea, unencumbered by ice, except occasionally, when near islands or the shore. This opinion had been confirmed by the accounts of Parry, Franklin, and Ross, and now Messrs. Dease and Simpson have spoken clearly to the same effect. Indeed, we now know that the coasts of America and Asia extended only to about 70 degrees of latitude, which gave reason to believe in the existence of a polar basin of 40 degrees, or 24,000 miles in diameter; and could it be supposed that in such an extent there was not an open sea? In conclusion, Sir John Barrow sincerely congratulated the Governor and Hudson's Bay Company on their public spirit in thus prosecuting research, on the judgment and ability manifested in their instructions, and in the courage and perseverance of their servants, who had so successfully carried their orders into execution.—The President said, it was unnecessary for him to add to what had been already heard from those much more familiar with arctic navigation than himself; but he felt great gratification in proposing a special vote of thanks to the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, and to the enterprising gentlemen, Messrs. Dease and Simpson; which he was sure would be carried by acclamation.—Governor Petty, in returning thanks, stated, he should always be happy to forward the interests of Geography throughout the Hudson's Bay Company's territories, when it was in his power; but that the success of the late expedition was mainly attributable to the excellent instructions drawn up by his worthy friend, Mr. Simpson, the resident Governor, then present.—It was intimated from the chair that a special meeting of the Society will be held on Monday, May the 14th,

to present the royal premium, given by her most gracious Majesty, for "the promotion of geographical science and discovery," which had that day been awarded to Lieut.-Colonel Chesney, R.A. as chief of the Euphrates expedition.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

MARCH 7 (continued).—A paper by Mr. Darwin, the Secretary, was read, 'On the Connexion of certain Volcanic Phenomena, and on the Formation of Mountain Chains, and on Volcanoes, as the Effects of Continental Elevations.' Mr. Darwin commenced by describing the phenomena which accompanied the earthquake that destroyed Concepcion on the 29th of February, 1835; and he shewed the intimate connexion, which that event proved to exist, between the shocks of an earthquake, the outbursts of volcanic eruptions, and the elevation of land. The earthquake was felt simultaneously at Concepcion, the island of Juan Fernandez, 360 miles to the N.E. of that city, and in the island of Chiloe, 350 miles to the south of it; but he mentioned several instances of earthquakes having been felt over still greater areas. During the shocks on the 29th of February, or immediately after them, the volcanoes in the portion of the Cordillera opposite Chiloe exhibited increased energy. Osorno, which had been in activity for at least forty-eight hours previously, threw up a thick column of dark blue smoke; and directly it had passed away, a large crater was seen fuming in the S.S.E. side of the mountain. Minchinadiva also commenced a fresh period of violence. The Corcovado, at the time of the principal shock, was quiet; but a week afterwards, when the summit was visible, the snow had disappeared from the N.W. crater; and, on Yntales, to the south of the Corcovado, three black patches, resembling craters, were observed above the snow line after the earthquake, though they had not been noticed previously to it. The volcanoes of central Chile, and several within the Cordillera to the north of Concepcion exhibited, also, great activity. A submarine volcano likewise burst forth near Baccalao Head. With respect to the connexion between the shocks of an earthquake, and the eruptions of a volcano with an elevation of the land, Mr. Darwin repeated, on the authority of Capt. Fitzroy, the fact, that not only was the main coast sensibly raised, but that the island of Santa Maria, thirty-five miles to the S.W. of Concepcion, was elevated six feet at its southern extremity, and ten feet at its northern; and that the island of Tubul, to the S.E. of Santa Maria, was raised six feet. The author then proceeded to consider the formation of mountain-chains and the phenomena of volcanoes, as the effects of continental elevation. Mr. Hopkins in his "Researches in Physical Geology" has shewn, that if an elongated area were elevated uniformly, it would yield or crack parallel to its longer axis, and that, if the force acted unequally, transverse cracks, or fissures, would be produced, and that the masses thus unequally disturbed, would represent the irregular outline of a mountain-chain. In applying to the structure of South America these deductions from mathematical investigations, Mr. Darwin again dwelt upon the intimate connexion of all the phenomena detailed in the first part of his paper, and he shewed, at some length, that they are all explicable on Mr. Hopkins's views respecting the elevation of great areas. In conclusion, he insisted upon the elevation of the Cordillera into a mountain-chain, by movements as small as those which

have been noticed in the coast of Chile during earthquakes. The strata, in the central parts of the Cordillera, are generally inclined 45°, and are often vertical; and the axis is composed of granitic masses, which, from the number of dykes branching from them, must have been in a fluid state when propelled against the lava strata. How, then, observed Mr. Darwin, could the strata have been placed at once in their present position, with wide intervals between them, without the very bowels of the earth gushing out, as in the case of volcanoes? If, on the contrary, it be assumed that the Cordillera were elevated by a succession of very small movements, and after long intervals, the fluid rock would be retained, and time allowed for it to become solid, before the next movements would open the fissures. By a succession of such operations, the stratum might ultimately be placed in any position, and at any height; and the crystalline nucleus gradually thickening, the surrounding country would not be deluged with molten matter.

March 21. Mr. Whewell, President, in the chair.—A paper was read by Mr. Owen, 'On the Dislocation of the Tail, at a certain Point, in the Skeletons of many Ichthyosaurs; ' who inferred, from the vertebrae presenting, in each specimen, an abrupt bend at about one-third from the end of the tail, that there must have been something in the construction of that part of the animal to which this peculiar displacement was due. As there is no appearance of modification in the vertebrae, he is of opinion that the ichthyosaurs had a broad, tegumentary fin, constructed of dense, but decomposable materials; and that either by its weight or some other means, dislocation of the vertebrae was produced at the immediate point of attachment of the fin, when the decay of the connecting ligaments had sufficiently far advanced. Mr. Owen has observed in the form of the caudal vertebrae of ichthyosaurs no indications of horizontality in the supposed tail; on the contrary, he regards the superaddition of posterior paddles, in these air-breathing animals, as a compensation for the absence of that form of tail, so essential in the cetaceae for bringing the head to the surface of the sea to inhale the air. On the other hand, he conceives that a vertical tail was especially required by the stiff and short-necked ichthyosaurs to produce with sufficient rapidity the lateral movements of the head, necessary in seizing prey. In conclusion, the author observed, that in plesiosaurs, a caudal fin would be unnecessary, in consequence of the mobility of the neck; and in perfect specimens of that animal, the tail presents no indication of partial fracture or bend. An essay on the 'Primary Formations of England,' by Mr. Sedgwick, was then commenced.

April 4. Mr. Whewell, President, in the chair.—'A Description of Lord Coles Specimen of *Plesiosaurus Macrocephalus*,' by Mr. Owen, was read. It is impossible, in a brief analysis, to convey to our readers an adequate notion of the value of this paper. It was characterised throughout by comprehensive views of modification in structure, to the wants and habits of the animal, and by the most admirable details of the minutest variations from those types with which the specimen was compared.

From a minute examination of the structure of the head, Mr. Owen has ascertained that the *Plesiosaurus* has a greater affinity, in the cranium, to the *Lacertine saurians* than to the *Crocodilian*; but that in the facial and maxillary bones the agreement with

the former begins to diminish, while in the size and position of the nostrils, we have one of those beautiful examples of adaptation of peculiar structure to the peculiar exigencies of the animal, which surpass all the restraints of a limited system of analysis and type.

METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY.

APRIL 10th. Dr. Birkbeck, president, in the chair.—Routine business transacted: members elected, and others proposed. A valuable paper, entitled 'A Meteorological Retrospect for the Year 1837,' from J. G. Tatem, Esq., of High Wycombe, Bucks, was read by the secretary. The writer states, that January had the highest mean temperature of any corresponding month for thirteen years. February was the warmest; and March, April, and May, the coldest corresponding months during the above period. Notwithstanding these three cold months, and the extreme backwardness of vegetation, the fine months of June and July produced a fruitful autumn in the equally fine months of August, September, and October. November was the coldest of the last fourteen years, and the wettest of five years; while the temperature of December was higher than the preceding corresponding months for the last five years. This brief epitome is nearly similar to those of several other correspondents in various stations in the united kingdom. The mean temperature of the year at Wycombe, was 45°; mean pressure, 29.693 inches; quantity of rain, nearly 24 inches. The mean temperature at Swansea, as stated in the retrospect of 1837, by J. W. G. Gutch, Esq., was 53°; mean pressure, 29.810 inches; quantity of rain fallen, 28 inches. Mr. Gutch's retrospect was highly interesting, as the prevalent diseases of each month were stated, which render meteorological observation so highly valuable to the public.—An interesting paper was read, 'On the Cold of January last at Brussels,' communicated by Professor Quetelet, Secretary to the Royal Academy at Brussels. The extreme cold, which occurred on the 20th of the month, was 5° Fahr.; this was the coldest January since 1823, which was stated by the same writer to be so low as 1½° Fahr. M. Cruyuy noticed the thermometer at Maestricht, at the coldest period of the same month, to indicate 91° below zero.—A short paper was read from Professor Wartmann, of Geneva, giving an account of an atmospheric bar, which was seen in perfectly serene weather, and which exhibited all the colours of the rainbow in a very distinct manner. It did not appear in a vertical position, like the ordinary rainbow, but inclined to the plane of the earth. It did not persist in any degree of the nature of a halo. It became visible at five minutes past ten o'clock A.M., the sun shining in all its brilliancy, on the 12th February, 1837, and lasted till forty-five minutes past ten. It was not accompanied by any perihelia, nor was there any appearance of cloud till half-past eleven, when a few light clouds passed in the superior strata of the atmosphere. The afternoon was overcast without rain.—Numerous journals for the month of March were laid on the table. Among the general remarks of one of them, by Mr. Kent, of High Wycombe, was a notice of two very sudden and remarkable falls of temperature; one on the 7th, on which the thermometer fell, in forty minutes, from 51° to 42°; the other on the 16th, on which the thermometer fell, in a few minutes, from 44° to 36°; in both instances the falls were accompanied by gusts of wind, attended with hail and rain.—

A committee having been appointed to arrange the papers for publication, the meeting adjourned.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

(Anniversary.)

BENJ. BOND CABELL, Esq. in the chair.—The report of the visitors was read; it shewed that the income of the Institution for the past year exceeded the expenditure for the same period by a sum of 140*l.*; and that 175*l.* had been invested in the funds. The report conveyed the gratifying fact of an endowment of 1000*l.* in the three per cent consols, made by Mrs. Acton, of Euston Square. The visitors reported favourably of the library and laboratory accounts; on the latter, there was a balance to the credit of the Institution on the affairs of the year, amounting to about 425*l.*; the funded property on the same account is 1278*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.* The report then went on to notice the repairs and improvements effected on the exterior of the building; these had cost 1853*l.*; being more than the original estimate by 369*l.* Of the first-named of these sums, 1482*l.* 9*s.* had been subscribed; and there was a balance of about 400*l.* remaining unpaid. The total receipts of last year were stated at 3078*l.* 14*s.* 2*d.*; the expenditure, 3114*l.* 9*s.* 2*d.* Officers for the ensuing year were chosen.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

(Anniversary.)

At the anniversary meeting, the usual reports were read. From these we gathered that the receipts of the Society for the past year were 15,425*l.* 19*s.*, including 200*l.* in exchequer bills drawn from the funded property of the Society; the disbursements were charged at 15,170*l.* 3*s.* 8*d.*; leaving a balance of 254*l.* 18*s.* 1*d.* There was a decrease of 3800*l.* in the receipts at the garden gates, as compared with the preceding year; but this was attributed to the cold and inclement spring and late summer. In the amount of admission fees paid by new members, too, there was a decrease of 550*l.* The auditors' report hinted at the inappropriate and ill-chosen locality of the premises selected for the exhibition of the Society's valuable collection. From the report of the council, it appeared that the total number of fellows elected into the Society last year was 172; the number altogether was 3023, and there were 27 candidates for admission. The exertions of the council were at present directed to the procuring of a hippopotamus and a chimpanzee; and it was anticipated that the public would soon be gratified with a sight of those animals at the gardens. Several gentlemen addressed the meeting, inculcating judicious economy and liberality in the administration of the affairs of the Society. The reports were carried; the Earl of Derby re-elected president; and the Bishop of Norwich and other distinguished individuals elected into the council.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

(Anniversary.)

THE usual reports were read. Surplus income over the expenditure of last year, 1557*l.*; the receipts since last anniversary being 5705*l.* 3*s.* 2*d.*; expenditure, 5636*l.* 10*s.* 1*d.*, including the discharge of a bond for 1000*l.* The large debt of the Society was reduced to 12,898*l.*, of which about 10,000*l.* was on bond; to meet this, there was due to the Society, including cash balance, 6204*l.*, besides other assets. Officers were elected, and medals awarded for sweet water-grapes and other fruits and flowers.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, April 26th. — The first day of Easter Term the following degrees were conferred: —

Masters of Arts. — Rev. F. J. Spring, St. Edmund Hall; W. H. Bayley, Christ Church; Rev. G. C. Berkeley, Pembroke College; W. H. Ley, Fellow of Trinity College; C. Smith, Fellow; C. Rende, Fellow of Magdalene College.

Bachelors of Arts. — E. J. Vernon; H. J. Vernon, Magdalene Hall; J. Haigh, Queen's College.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

APRIL 21. Professor Wilson in the chair.—Capt. Westmacott, T.S. Rawson, Esq., and Major Rawlinson, were elected members. Specimens of various Indian products, twenty in number, sent from Bombay to the Society, and made over to the Committee of Agriculture and Commerce, recently established for the purpose of examining and reporting on such articles, were laid on the table. Professor Royle, of King's College, proceeded to explain the value of those which were rare, and to compare them with similar articles brought into the English market. Among others, we observed specimens of raw silk produced in Bombay and Travancore; of the fibre of the pine apple, used for stringing beads; and of another kind, from Wassuck, in the Deccan, used for cordage; besides drugs and dyes, the description and analysis of which we could not distinctly follow; but we shall look with anxiety for the details which Professor Royle will, no doubt, give to the world, when he communicates, through the pages of the Society's journal, the result of his scientific examination and observations. We anticipate from these beginnings more extensively useful results from the efforts which this Society is making to bring to the notice of the English public many valuable, and hitherto unknown, productions of our vast eastern dominions, and thus promote useful benefits to the people of this country and of India. After the remarks of the Professor on these specimens of the vegetable kingdom, he produced to the Society several drawings made by Dr. Cantor, a naturalist who was present, and who has lately returned from the East, exhibiting a large group of the *Akalepha* and *Molusca* tribes; also, of *Reptilia*, of the *Ophidian* race in particular; together with some rare, if not entirely new, species of fish, all of which had been carefully dissected and examined on the spot by the learned doctor, in the course of the survey lately made by the Indian navy in the north-eastern part of the Bay of Bengal. The anniversary meeting was announced for the 12th of May.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

THE Earl of Aberdeen in the chair.—The auditors read their report on the state of the treasurer's accounts for the last year; and the same was received and passed.—The reading was concluded of Mr. Brandreth's 'Inquiry into the Mode of Coinage of the Anglo-Saxon Stycas of Northumberland,' and noticed several specimens with blunders in the legends, in support of his proposition, that the legend part of the mould was struck by movable types.—A letter was read from Mr. Stapleton, Jun.

On Three Rolls and some separate Fragments, containing Accounts of the Exchequer of Normandy, in the Reigns of Henry II. and his successors, Richard and John, about to be published; the general observations on which were postponed.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday. — Entomological, 8 P.M.; Phrenological, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.; United Service Museum, 8 P.M.

Tuesday. — Zoological, 8*1*/*2* P.M.; Society of Arts, 8 P.M. (On Plain Weaving, by E. Cowper, Esq.); Royal Medical and Chirurgical, 8*1*/*2* P.M.; Institute of Civil Engineers, 8 P.M. (On Architectural Drawing).

Wednesday. — Geological, 8*1*/*2* P.M.; Society of Arts, 7*1*/*2* P.M. (On Architectural Drawing).

Thursday. — Royal Society, 8*1*/*2* P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.

Friday. — Royal Institution, 8*1*/*2* P.M.; Astronomical, 8 P.M.; Royal Institution of British Architects (Annual Meeting), 3 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

WE have seen many of the works with which the Exhibition opens on Monday, but, as our views have been confined to the ateliers of artists, we do not consider ourselves at liberty to offer any general observations or criticism on the subject.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

(Second notice.)

In our last Number, we mentioned our gracious Queen's visit to the Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colour; but at that time we were not aware that her majesty had manifested her taste and liberality (which she did by a message promised before she, and delivered after we, left the room) by the purchase of the following works: —

No. 72. *Vessel off Burlington Pier, Yorkshire.* Copley Fielding.—No. 188. *Ducal Palace, Venice.* S. Prout.—No. 269. *View on the Beach at Redcar, looking towards Huncifif.* P. De Wint.—No. 351. *On the Coast of Scotland.* J. F. Taylor.

The Exhibition was opened to the public on Monday; and we proceed (as is our wont) to point out some of the most prominent of the beautiful productions of which it is composed.

No. 165. *Scene from the Life of Salvator Rosa.* G. Cattermole.—A masterly composition. The bandit-painter is represented pursuing his vocation amidst groups of robbers, within the habitable portion of a dilapidated castle. The figures, male and female, in most picturesque costume, by whom he is surrounded, are judiciously varied in their employments and attitudes, to give interest to the scene. Powerful as the execution is, however, the whole has, in our opinion, too much the character of a cartoon. This is entirely attributable to the excessive use of opaque colours—a vice which, owing to the facilities of marking and handling that it affords, has been gradually creeping into the practice of some of our ablest water-colour painters, until it has, with them, wholly superseded the old, and, in our opinion, by far the superior mode of treatment. Depth, mellowness, and transparency in the shadows, and clearness and brilliancy in the lights, are among the principal charms of the finest works in water colours; and they are charms, the peculiar creation of British genius. There are, at present, in the Gallery of the Society, many admirable specimens of these qualities; and when the eye turns from them to those performances in which, however excellent in other respects, body-colours are profusely resorted to, it is painfully affected by the contrast.

No. 129. *Murillo painting the Virgin, in the Franciscan Convent, at Seville.* J. F. Lewis.—From the painter among the robbers to the painter among the monks, would not be thought by the sarcastic to be in reality so very violent a transition as, on the face of it, it appears to be. Mr. Lewis has managed his subject in a way that renders it highly interesting. The critical looks of some of the reverend fathers, and the approving glances of others, together with the introduction of the peasant and other

models, give it the air of a historical picture rather than that of a familiar occurrence. Owing to the same cause as that to which we adverted in our last notice, the effect is somewhat dry and hard.

No. 44. *Gordale. P. De Wint.*—It could hardly be imagined that, even among its most picturesque objects, this country possessed one of so elevated a class. In this deep and powerful drawing, and still more in those exquisite productions, No. 90, *View on the Lowther, with Cattle in the Water*, and No. 98, *View on the River Lowther*, Mr. De Wint has exhibited in perfection all those delightful qualities of the legitimate school of water-colour painting, from his fidelity to which we hope and are sure he will never allow himself to be seduced.

No. 84. *Scene in the Valley of the Coln, between Waford and St. Albans, &c.* J. D. Harding.—English pastoral scenery never appeared to greater advantage than in this skilful and fascinating drawing. Simple in its features, extensive in its range, richly embellished in its foreground with the cheerful and grateful season of harvest, and animated by the rustic group resting after their morning's toil, it possesses every variety that can render it an exhaustless subject of pleasing contemplation.

No. 143. *Berneastle, on the Moselle*, by the same artist, although treated with equal talent, presents a perfect contrast, in form and character, to the work just mentioned.

No. 41. *Luncheon*; No. 49. *A Marine Effect*. W. Hunt.—We are fond of contrasts in art, and none can be more complete than that afforded by the young rustic seated on a stile, heart and soul employed on his purloined turnip, and the squalmish and "sick-as-death" countenance of the Cockney sprig of careful nurture, rejecting with loathing the delicacies with which he is tempted by his affectionate mamma.

Pursuing our contrasts, we next advert to—

No. 237. *The Little Dancing Master*; and No. 330. *The Captive*. J. M. Wright.—The first displays the Malvolioli-like conceit of an affected coxcomb; the last, the terrors of a trembling prisoner brought into the presence of a bandit chief. In these two scenes of humour and pathos, the well-known taste and talents of the artist appear; aided by a spirited execution, and a most harmonious tone of colour.

No. 152. *The New Page*. Mrs. Suyfarrth.—Is there not an error in the quotation? Ought not "ladyship" to be substituted for "lordship"? However that may be, the drawing is full of grace and beauty to captivate the eye, and give employment to the imagination. We began this paragraph with one [?]; we will end it with another. Why did not the fair artist oblige the many visitors to the Gallery, who are unable to read the original, with a translation of the passage which has furnished the charming subject of No. 52. *Gemile*?

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN
WATER COLOURS.
[Second notice.]

No. 192. *The Sons of Jacob before Joseph*. H. Warren.—The artist has been as happy in the choice as in the execution of his subject; for there is no narrative in history, sacred or profane, that can compare, in vivacities and pathos, with that of Joseph and his Brethren. The picture shows, in its details, the research of the antiquary, and in its effect the skill of the painter. A splendid exhibition of Egypt, in the height of its power and glory, Mr. Warren

has very judiciously introduced into the catalogue a description of the component parts of the work, which gives additional interest to the whole.

No. 218. *The Beggar's Prayer*. James Fahey.—Such a delightful retreat might excite not only the prayers of the mendicant, but the aspirations of the wealthy and cooped-up inhabitant of the city palace; and, indeed, of all, gentle and simple,

"Whose sober wishes never learn'd to stray."

It is an admirable example of the picturesque, as well as of seclusion and comfort.

No. 98. *Assassination of Thomas à Becket*. C. H. Weigall.—If we do not sympathise in subjects of this nature, our admiration is not the less of the power of the painter, who has thus embodied the striking tragedy which, at the same time, debased the character of a powerful monarch, and gave the crown of martyrdom to a haughty and ambitious prelate. The work is, in all respects, a striking specimen of fine historic art.

No. 269. *A Dominican Friar of the Thirteenth Century, Preaching a Crusade*. L. Hicks.—In a former exhibition we recognised the talents of this young artist; in the performance under our notice, we have a fuller development of them. It is most powerful in its tone and execution. Nothing can surpass the spirit and enthusiasm displayed in the character of the friar, or the effect which he seems to have produced on his auditors.

No. 129. *Squall coming on: Dutch Boats, on the starboard tack, steering for the Texel*. E. Duncan.—Our early impression of Mr. Duncan's powers was, that they principally lay in coast and marine scenery; and that impression the present noble work strongly confirms. At the same time, his talents are by no means strictly confined to such subjects; as witness, among other pleasing productions, No. 247. *Interior of a Fisherman's Cottage*; in which a domestic incident of an unfrequent occurrence is well depicted, under an effect of truth and daylight not inferior to that of De Hooghe.

No. 153. *Church of St. Maclo, Rouen*. L. H. H. Aghe.—Of the various representations which we have seen of this ancient and most picturesque French city, no one has struck us as being in all respects more admirable than this by Mr. H. Aghe.

No. 1. *A Sketch from Dryden's Fables*. E. Corbould.—That it is "a sketch," we deny. It is a highly finished performance; the spirit of which carries the mind of the spectator at full speed along with the subject.

No. 11. *Sunday Morning*. James Fahey.—With this quiet and beautiful Sabbath scene, so happily illustrative of Washington Irving's pleasing description, we will close our remarks on this Gallery for the present week.

[To be continued.]

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Findens' Portraits of the Female Aristocracy of the Court of Queen Victoria, No. I. Fraser.

"The present undertaking," says the prospectus, "has been prompted chiefly by a desire to gratify the natural and laudable curiosity, which seeks to become acquainted with the personal appearance no less than with the habits and manners of those in high station and of lofty birth." Has it not rather "been prompted chiefly by a desire to gratify the natural and laudable" wish of the parties engaged in it, to produce a profitable publication? And such we have no doubt it will prove, if the

succeeding numbers equal that before us in beauty. The portraits are those of "Her Majesty," from a charming drawing by R. J. Lane, A.R.A.; the "Countess of Willsborough," from an animated picture by John Hayter; and "Lady Louisa Cavendish," from a drawing by E. A. Chalon, R.A.; which, when we saw it at the exhibition of the Royal Academy, struck us as being one of the sweetest productions of that able artist's pencil. They are all, especially the first and the last, engraved with great skill, taste, and delicacy.

Scenes of Life. Designed and Etched by T. Sibson. Part I. Ackermann and Co.

We regret to say, that our criticism on this little publication could be only of that description which, Mr. Sibson says, "will act as an incentive to further exertions."

Edinburgh, from above Dugald Stewart's Monument, Calton Hill. Drawn from Nature, and on Stone, by S. D. Swarbreck, Esq. Tit. SLIGHT, but interesting, as reviving old local recollections.

Saracenic and Norman Remains, to illustrate "The Normans in Sicily." By Henry Gally Knight, Esq. Murray.

CURIOS AND PLEASING.

ORIGINAL POETRY. SPANISH LITERATURE.

Mr. EDITOR.—The Spaniards are noted for certain humorous and satirical poems, to which they give the name of "Letrillas." One of these I send you a translation, or rather a paraphrase, adapted to English customs and manners. The burden of these *jeux d'esprit* is invariably the same.

Highbury. J. B.

A TOUCH ON THE TIMES.

Qui capit ille facit.

WHEN ministers prim, with cold hearts and grimaces,
Spurn genius unaided, or doze o'er their cases,
Yet give to their valets snug pensions and places,
What may we not, Robin, surmise?

When a tutor, well skill'd in the doctrine of chances,
With his pupil reads Hoyle, with my lady,
And himself by these means to a living advances,
What may we not, Robin, surmise?

When the spruce connoisseur, deem'd a patron
of learning,
To fools and to parasites graciously turning,
Neglects men of talent, and shuns the discerning?

What may we not, Robin, surmise?
When a grave formal cit, without spleen or reproaches,

Let his helmate and daughter take airings in
With young sparks who bedeck them with rings and rich brooches,
What may we not, Robin, surmise?

When projectors and lawyers, with gins neatly set,
The unvary entrap, into parliament get,
And grow rich, while their dupes swell the weekly "Gazette,"

What may we not, Robin, surmise?
When architects famed massy palaces build,
Which no grandeur display, no convenience yield,
Yet for ill-judged designs have their pockets well filled,

What may we not, Robin, surmise?
When tradesmen, assuming fine notions and airs,
Run to races, and matches, and leave their affairs to boys who keep ladies, and pilfer their wares,

What may we not, Robin, surmise?

When churchmen, who Christ's holy doctrines
should teach,
Give a loose to their passions, on politics preach,
Or engage in inquiries beyond human reach,
What may we not, Robin, surmise?

When senators vow they'll the people relieve
From imposts, which cause them to murmur
and grieve,
And act so that no one their word can believe,
What may we not, Robin, surmise?

When at native distresses our rulers are tame,
Or their bounty dispense less through kindness
than shame,
While foreigners royal munificence claim,
What may we not, Robin, surmise?

When our arch legislators, high pampered and
fed,
Would give us *cheap* law, and *cheap* learning—
Of cheap fuel, cheap raiment, cheap lodging,
cheap bread,
What may we not, Robin, surmise?

When such matters exist, such follies abound,
Of daily observance in London's gay round,
Yet to ridicule them there's no satirist found,
What may we not, Robin, surmise?

ODE TO A COAL-FIRE.
(*Found near Rydal Mount.*)

RADIANT image of delight—
Sunny creature—golden sprite—
Round thy circling flame began
The perfect home and love of man!
Deep within thy mystic ray
Crests, unknown in heraldry,—
Blazing arms and banners glow,—
Fiery shapes that come and go!
Steeps of gold, and ruby beams,
Images of gorgeous dreams,
Upwards from thy shining breast
Flash to life, or fade to rest!
Still thou art my home's delight,
A common joy—a human sight—
With something of an angel's light!

Laughter, joke, and dance, and glee,
Old companions live with thee;
A sight and sense unknown to sadness,
A thing of present life and gladness!
Lolling in luxurious seat—
"Lit. Gazette"—and fender'd feet—
Where's the throne—king, tell me where—
Worth one half my easy chair?

Odour, breeze, and springing flowers—
Leaves that dance to silver showers—
Something wild and strange thou art,
A germ of Nature's wondrous heart!
For oft I muse o'er thee, and hear
Music of some sylvan sphere!—
Tones that might on spirits wait,
Or echoes of some former state!
What, or whence, we scarce may know;
But, gulf'd by earth, or ocean's flow,
In forests, thousand years ago,
Thou a stately tree did'st grow!*

Beautiful and graceful flame,
Ever changing, yet the same—
A power of deeper feeling lies
In thy radiant mysteries!
A human instinct dwells in thee
With something of divinity;
Instinct true, that sparkles clear
When a *welcome* face draws near:
Those by thee with frowns reproved,
It is said, *arc ne'er beloved!*

* Coals are frequently found bearing every mark and
correct tracery of leaves and boughs, &c.

Fortunes at thy bar await;
Flakes, prophetic of man's fate;
Strangers soon to glad his sight;
Letters by the post to-night;
Purse of silver, all might see,
Argent sprite, was meant for me!
Beauty to thy precinct draws,
Young and old obey thy laws;
Tales and ballads without end,
Like our sober glasses mend!
Whilst demon waves, and demon ships,
Changes that foretell eclipse,
Hang suspense on open lips.

Sure, thou lovely apparition,
I may now, with Love's submission,
Own a silent sympathy
With thy cheerful form and free!
Vow I to return thy flame,
Living, loving, still the same;
For Happiness is at thy side,
My sunny wife, my ruby bride—
Evermore to thee allied!
Graceful vision of delight,
Glittering creature, golden sprite;
Still I'll think thee, whilst I view,
A phantom—yet a coal fire, too!

W.

MUSIC.

The Gallant English Tar: a National Song.
The Words by Eliza Cook; the Music by
N. J. Spohr. Coventry and Hollier.

THIS is a most stirring and yet affecting national song, in which the character of England's glory, her "gallant tar," is given with a spirited hand. It is not his bravery alone, but the finer touches.

"Let but the sons of Want come nigh and tell their tale to him,
He'll hide their eyes for weeping, while his own are growing dim—
Cheer up! he cries."

The music is very apposite; and the song is one which may well be sung where "Rule Britannia," "Hearts of Oak," and similar ditties, delight the festal board.

A Perilous Thing is the Blarney. Sung by Mr. Power.—*When Lovers come to Woo a Girl; Ballad.* Sung by Miss Shaw.—*Aileen Mavourneen; Ballad.* Sung by Miss A. Taylor.—*A Blessing and a Tear; Ballad.* Sung by Miss A. Taylor, in "The Groves of Blarney," performed at the Royal Adelphi Theatre. The Words by S. C. Hall; the Music by Alex. Roche, Esq. Duff and Hodgson.

From grave to gay, the four compositions before us are, in their different styles, exceedingly pretty, and well merit a place amongst the favourite music of the day. They are mere simple airs, with equally simple accompaniments. As such—not as fine or scientific compositions—we cordially recommend them. *Aileen Mavourneen* is, to our taste, a very sweet ballad.

The White Rose; Ballad. By Henry Spicer, Esq. Music by N. J. Spohr. Keegan.

The words are fanciful and pretty; united to a sweet air, they form a truly charming ballad.

A Set of Six Songs. The Poetry by Lord Byron, Mrs. Jameson, &c.; the Music composed by the Marchioness of Hastings, Baroness Grey de Ruthyn. D'Almaine and Co.

Ours is a hard task: gallantry compels us to deal gently with our fair friends, but justice demands a candid opinion upon every work placed before us. In the present instance, in spite of the very exquisite words selected, the work, in our opinion, is a failure. The airs

are all alike, and, save a change of key, the monotony is unbroken from the beginning of the volume to the end.

DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—*Norma* was performed on Thursday for the first time this season, and Albertazzi appeared for the first time, and in the character of *Adalgisa*. Of this second-rate part she made more than could have been imagined; and her duets with Grisi were exquisite. Signor Tatì, as *Pollio*, was quite ineffective.

Covent Garden.—*Romeo and Juliet* was performed for the first time since Mr. Macready has been the manager of this theatre. Having the finest tragedy company of any place of amusement in the metropolis or elsewhere, we expected much gratification; and our hopes were rather exceeded than otherwise. The lessee himself played *Friar Lawrence*, and was most rapturously greeted on his entrance: it is almost superfluous to criticise Mr. Macready's acting; he has his admirers and detractors; the former by very much the most numerous class; and, if it be possible to lessen the spleen of the latter, his grand personation of the friar is amply calculated to do so. The *Juliet* of Miss Helen Faucit is already known; but, as she becomes more familiarised with the stage, there is so much evident improvement in her acting, that even her *Juliet* bears evident marks of superior cultivation, of which her balcony scene is a beautiful instance. The other principal characters do not require particular mention, with the exception of Mr. Anderson's *Romeo*. On this gentleman's first appearance in *Florizel*, in *The Winter's Tale*, we were so much struck with his person, voice, and taste, that we expressed a wish to see him in a more prominent character, naming *Romeo*, *Orlando*, and that line of business, as likely to be his forte. Our augury has not been disappointed; and if his *Romeo* is not perfection, it is certainly far above the average run of the general performance of this character; it is generally quiet, correct, and gentlemanly. No judicious liberality has been spared in the getting up; scenery, dresses, &c. are all correct to the time and place: and we will venture to prophesy many more performances of *Romeo and Juliet*.

Haymarket.—On Saturday, a new farce in two acts was produced here with success, greater, in our opinion, than its merits warrant. The outline of the plot is excellent; also the cast of characters. Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Madame Sala, Miss Cooper, Webster, Strickland, Hemmings, Buckstone, &c., all are employed; but, spite of their efforts, the piece goes heavily until the last scene, when there is some fun. Buckstone is very clever in the principal character; but even he has little to say with any point: in truth, the whole dialogue is sadly deficient in that requisite for a laughable farce, and quite inferior to any of Mr. Buckstone's previous productions. During the last week, the theatre has been well and fashionably attended.

Adelphi.—*Pat and his Potatoes* does not afford Power so much scope as some recent pieces; but, with O. Smith, as the *Emperor of Japan*, and other grotesque and burlesque merriment, he continues to carry off this piece of drollery with plenty of laughter.

St. James's.—*Love and Charity*, brought out on Thursday, is a very clever and very amusing piece. Mrs. Sterling in three characters, Mrs. F. Matthews and Miss Williams in pleasant parts. Oxberry and others keep up

the comic humour to the last, and entire success crowned their exertions.

Olympic.—Rather late in the week, but yet so very good and laughable, that we are forced to stretch a point to say a few words in favour of *Naval Engagements*, several of which came off most victoriously on Thursday last. Madame Vestris seems bent on doing her utmost to please before she crosses the Atlantic; and the trifles, with the above name, from the pen of Mr. C. Dance, is decidedly one of the best hits she has made for many a day. The acting is admirable, the scenery as the *Olympic* scenery always is—and that is saying all that can be said; but the plot (plots) is untellable, so we must be satisfied with stating that it is ably worked out by Farren and Charles Mathews, Mrs. Orger and Madame Vestris, assisted by Brougham as an Irishman, and Wyman as a landlord. We recommend every one to go to *SEA Naval Engagements*, and laugh like horse-marines.

Strand.—Mr. Hammond is one of our best caterers for public entertainment. We have this week another excellent and successful burletta, called *The Tobit's Dog*, a legend of the days of the "merry monarch," and admirably acted by Hammond, J. Lee, Mrs. Franks, and Miss Daly, who are, in truth, two of the prettiest and pleasant actresses of the day. The minor parts are creditably sustained by Messrs. Franks, Biddell, and Richardson; and the piece is enriched with two pretty original compositions—a madrigal and song. *Pickwick* and *Sam Weller* continue their laughable adventures, and will quickly reach their hundredth night. By the way, we should have mentioned that the interior of this pretty little theatre has been much improved and tastefully decorated during the recess.

VARIETIES.

Typorama of the Undercliff, Isle of Wight.—We have been much interested with the view of this exhibition; a model of the striking scenery of that part of the Isle of Wight which is designated in the title. It is on the scale of three feet to a mile, and contains about 124 square feet; is executed with perfect accuracy, and employed the diligent artist during a period of twelve years. But, besides the sight of this laborious work, a collection of geological and entomological specimens, peculiar to the district, gives a scientific value to the exhibition, which well deserves its share of the public encouragement.

Lord Northwick's Gallery.—This magnificent collection of pictures has been on view these two days (and will be to-day), previous to the sale by Messrs. Christie and Manson. This gallery is so celebrated that it needs no remark from us. To see the noblest productions of Correggio, Raffaelle, S. Rosa, Rubens, L. da Vinci, Velasques, and, in short, all the wondrous lights of the arts, is a treat of the highest kind, and here it is to be found.

M. Delahante's Pictures.—The private view of this numerous gallery at Mr. Phillips's on Tuesday and Wednesday, brought many visitors to Bond Street; and, though the first day's sale will be over before this sheet meets the public eye, there is still the second, this day, to furnish a pleasant lounge to such of our readers, lovers of art, as have not seen the whole collection. There are specimens of almost every school yet remaining, Italian, Dutch, Flemish, French, and English. Among others, are some fine Greuzes and Canaletti, a capital Peter de Hooghe, No. 163; a "Corn Field," by J. Ruysdael, No. 164; a brilliant Murillo;

a composition by H. Verschuring of extraordinary merit; a Schalcken in his own light; a charming landscape by S. de Koning, No. 193; and two magnificent pieces by Pynacker, almost a gallery in themselves. The original study for the "Snake in the Grass;" and portraits of "Napoleon" and "Maria Louisa," by Lefebvre and Gerard, are, also, in this numerous collection.

Lodge's Portraits were sold yesterday, and brought, we should guess, somewhere about 3000*l.* The portraits sold from 8*l.* to 35*l.* each—the average being about 13*l.* or 14*l.* We believe they cost Mr. Hardinge about 12*l.* each. Many were purchased by noble families for the sake of their ancestry, and many for their own value as works of art.

Herrings in the Salt-Water Lakes.—Herrings have been caught in the salt-water lakes, of which the flavour is pronounced to be delicious. The natives are buying up all they can procure for salting. The statement, if true, is curious, as not having hitherto fallen within the scope of chance to obtain this description of fish; its production hitherto in any part of India, being altogether unknown.

Parbury's Oriental Herald.

Human Sacrifices in the Goomur Country.—The following may be considered, we believe, a fresh addition to the extensive information already made public of the superstitious and abominable practices of certain native castes of India. The *Madras U. S. Gazette* (December 27th) relates, with proper feelings of surprise and horror, the subjoined particulars of certain human sacrifices, which, it appears, annually take place in the districts of the Goomur country, in the Northern Circars, district of Ganjam. It says,

"We had little idea of the extent to which these dreadful

barbarities are at present carried, and the ceremonies attending the immolation of the unfortunate victims of a detestable superstition. The description we have to place before our readers cannot be given without feelings of the most intense horror. The cruelty is such, that it is difficult to reconcile oneself to it belief; the authorities in Goomur are, however, but too well assured of the fact, and our informant's accuracy is unquestionable. The people of the hill districts of Goomur, are, in every sense of the word, in the most savage state of barbarism; they are prone to drunkenness and all those vices to which inebriation usually leads. That many of them must be utterly wanting in the first feelings of human nature, is evident from the fact, that a large proportion of the victims procured for their diabolical sacrifices are children who have been sold by their own parents, or relations, to a class of persons called *Fauvers*, who, it is beyond doubt, earn a livelihood by trading in human flesh, frequently selling their own offspring for victims. The sacrificial victims are entirely supplied by these wretches, who purchase, inveigle away, or kidnap them from neighbouring districts, and then barter them to the parties by whom they are required. The victims may be of any caste, sect, or age. Children are generally captured at an early age, and brought up in the families of those to whom they are doomed to a barbarous death. These children are actually treated with kindness till they have attained an age to comprehend the cruel fate that awaits them, when they are placed under restraint, sometimes in heavy iron, to prevent their escaping. Many of the victims are procured from the districts of Bustar and Jayepoora. The regular district sacrifices take place annually; and, in addition to these, victims are offered up by individuals in propitiation of the Deity! The preparations for the ceremony occupy a month, during which time much intoxication and great rejoicing take place; on the day preceding that of the intended sacrifice, the victim is adorned with chaplets of flowers, and having been, if possible, stupefied with liquor, is bound to a post close to the village idol, or *Zukavere Pennoo*, represented by three stones, near which the effigy of the elephant or peacock is buried. The assembled multitude then dance round the post to the noise of their rude music, shouting a short prayer for health and plenty in return for their sacrifice. They next address the victim, saying, 'We have purchased, and shall now sacrifice you, according to custom.' On the day appointed for sacrifice the victim is again stupefied with liquor, and having been bound to the post, on the preceding day, is anointed with oil. Every one who touches the victim, and wipes off the oil on his own head. The procession is afterwards formed, led by musicians; the victim borne in the midst, with a pole ornamented with peacock's feathers held aloft. It moves around the village and returns to the spot whence it started. In front of the idol a shallow trench or pit is prepared by the priest, on the brink of which a hog is slaughtered as a first sacrifice, and its blood having all run into the trench, the wretched human victim, bound hand and foot, is cast therein, its face forcibly crushed into the bloody mire, and there held by means of cross bamboos until life is extinct through suffocation; the din of tom-toms drowning any screams that may have escaped the sacrifice. A piece of flesh is then cut from the still palpitating body by the Zane, who buries it with much ceremony near the idol as an offering to the earth. This done, the assembled persons rush upon the body with fiendlike eagerness, each striving to procure a piece of the flesh, which, being cut off, is carried away to the villages, and

there offered with the like ceremonies. The head and face remain untouched; and when the bones are completely bared, which is quickly accomplished, the earth is thrown into the trench, still reeking with human blood! Shocked as our readers must be at this horrid relation, still more so will they feel on learning that the above is the least atrocious method of sacrifice, and that in the districts of Shree-Rampooram, and Guddapooram, as well as in other parts of the country, the flesh is actually severed from the body of the living victim, whose agonised writhings and piteous moans are alike unheeded. Happily, the blood-thirsty eagerness with which the diabolical monsters rush upon the devoted object, their knives actually clashing in the living flesh, must soon ensure a release from sufferings, too great almost for imagination to conceive! A buffalo's calf is, after the human sacrifice we now allude to, brought before the idol, and its fore feet having been chopped off at the fetlock joints, the animal is left in that state till the following day to complete the usual ceremonies." The *Madras U. S. Gazette* importunately urges the government to take cognisance of this abominable custom, and use every energy to put a stop to these awful crimes of a superstitious and ignorant race. Government has heretofore prevented any decided interference with the practices of the natives, but, surely Christians ought to obey the dictates of their religion before those of a political nature.—*Ibid.*

After reading this horrible statement, it is with pleasure we add the next paragraph.

Captain Miller.—We learn from a correspondent, says the *U. S. Gazette* (Dec. 30th), that Capt. Miller, of the 43d N. I. has been honoured with the approbation of government for his praiseworthy conduct, in having saved the lives of a number of children in the Goomur country, who were destined victims for the horrible human sacrifices, which yet prevail to a very considerable extent in those barbarous districts. Captain Miller has accomplished his humane object with much good judgment. The merits of this officer, we hope, will lead to his receiving more substantial marks of the favour of government.—*Ibid.*

Monsieur.—We never noticed, till the other day, the following curious definition of the word, and the only one in Chalmers's *abridged* edition of Todd's Johnson's *Dictionary*:— "Monsieur, n. s. [Fr.] A term of reproach for a Frenchman.—Shakespeare."

Antiquities.—Commodore Elliott has on board the Constitution a number of very curious remains of antiquity, which he collected during his cruise in the Levant, dug up from the plains of Marathon and of Troy, from the neighbourhood of Athens, Corinth, Sunium, various parts of Syria, and particularly from Balbec, all parts of the Holy Land, and Egypt. But the most remarkable objects with which the new country of the United States will be enriched on his return to his native land, are two marble sarcophagi, found at about three quarters of a mile, in a direction east-north-east from Beyrouth, in the centre of the spot where once stood the ancient city of Berytus. It happened that they were discovered sixteen feet under ground, while his ship was lying off that coast in August last, by a countryman who was planting a mulberry-tree; and the commodore lost no time in purchasing them, and had them immediately conveyed on board his ship, from a height of, perhaps, six hundred feet above the level of the sea. In their removal across the country, a distance of about a mile and a half to the place of embarkation, on account of their massive weight, obstacles, embarrassing to any but the ingenuity and practical skill of sailors, were to be overcome. By means of powerful tackles, however, they were slung down precipices, and in many places were passed over a yielding soil, upon strong spars; and in this task nearly the whole of the ship's company, consisting of 500 men, were employed. Each sarcophagus is cut out of a solid piece of white marble; and each has its cover, in the form of a sloping roof, also in one piece. With the exception of a fracture in an end of the larger one, which seems to have been broken through in search of the valuable articles which the Romans sometimes buried with their dead, they may be said to be in a perfect state of preservation; for the sculpture on all sides is almost as good as when left by the hand of the artist, consisting of wreaths,

supported by infantine figures, rosettes, the ram's head, and the head of the bull. On the front, or principal side of the smaller sarcophagus, we find the inscription:

JULIA C FIL
MAMAEA
VIXIT ANN XXX.

Its dimensions are seven feet four inches and a half long, by two feet seven inches and three-quarters wide, within the cornice; and it stands four feet three inches high to the apex of the cover, which is nineteen inches deep. The larger sarcophagus has no inscription on its tablet; and, although not so long as the above by six inches, is three feet four inches wide, and stands five feet two inches high to the apex of the cover, which is twenty-five inches deep. From its capacity and emblems, it appears to have contained the remains of two persons of distinction, the corners being ornamented by figures of Victory, instead of the rams' heads which are seen on the smaller one; and on the cover is cut the apparently unfinished design of two human figures reclining on a bed or couch. This cover is quite solid, and of immense weight, and was firmly fixed to the body of the sarcophagus by iron clamps, which may account for its end having been broken through in search of plunder. A brass coin was found in digging these marbles out of the ground, which is now in the possession of Commodore Elliott. On the obverse it has the head of the Empress Julia Mamaea, with the inscription, JULIA MAMAEA AUGUSTA: on the reverse is a figure of Venus seated, holding in the palm of her right hand an infant erect, and in her left a spear, with the inscription VENUS FELIX—s.c. Now, as Julia Mamaea was the mother of Alexander Severus, who became emperor in the year 222 of the Christian era, there seems to be no difficulty in establishing the third century as the date of the coin; and the general character of the ornaments of both these sarcophagi, as well as the style of their workmanship, would lead us to believe that they were also of the same epoch.—*Malta Gazette*.

Nicholas Nickleby, in his second No., gets to the Yorkshire cheap and starving school, through a miserably cold night's journey; but why should we notice what every body has already read, though it is only the 5th of the month?

Riddle's Universal Pen-holder.—This is really one of the prettiest and most useful things of the kind we have seen for a very long time: it is not only an improvement on all previous inventions, but appears to us to be near perfection as a pen-holder can be. We cordially recommend it to our scribbling friends, whether they write with quills or steel pens, for it is equally adapted to both, and, moreover, very ornamental to an ink-stand.

H. B.'s.—Three more (553, 6, 7). The first is a whole-length caricature of Sir W. Molesworth, with a roll under his arm, as "a leading article" of the "Westminster Review." The second is a most artlike composition, and may be said to be the sublime of caricature. It represents John Bull under the night-mare. His sleep is heavy and disturbed. The nightmare on his breast is O'Connell as a hag, nursing Lord J. Russell as a baby; and, in the upper corner, Burdett appears on fiery course with an Ithuriel spear. This is explained by the rushlight at John's head, near which a paper marked, "Conservative Dinner, Sir F. Burdett, Sir Geo. Sinclair." The moon at the window is a funny witness of the mare. The last is "a Black North-Easter, and a heavy

swell on the Atlantic;" an *H. B.* slap at Lord Durham on his voyage to North America.

Impromptu on Impromptu in last Lit. Gaz.
Should the member for Reading, succeed in his pleading, He'll do much for our *Writing* as well as our *Reading*.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

We hear that Mr. J. F. Pennie is about to put to the press a second series of "Britain's Historical Drama." The first series of this work excited much attention, by the interest, variety, and plan, there being no work similar in its character and design, which is to illustrate the Manners, Customs, and Religious Institutions of different eras in Britain. It may be remembered that, at the publication of the first series, we, amongst others, spoke favourably of the work, and from that experience, and knowing the genius and talent of our country's poet, and that he is well versed in all that regards the manners and customs of the fathers of our land, we shall anxiously look forward to the publication of the promised second series of this national work, which, we understand, is to be auspiciously produced under the immediate patronage of the Queen.—*Dorset Chronicle*.

In the Press.

Correspondence of William Pitt, First Earl of Chatham; edited by the Executors of his Son, John, Earl of Chatham.—Elements of Geology for the Use of Beginners, by Charles Lyell, Esq.; and Book for Travellers in Switzerland, Savoy, and Piedmont.—Memoirs of General Wolfe, the Conqueror of Canada, with Extracts from his Correspondence.—A New Universal Biography, alphabetically arranged. The Art of Deer-Stalking; illustrated by a Narrative of a Few Days' Sport in the Forest of Athol, by W. Scrope, Esq., with some Account of the Nature and Habits of the Deer.—A New Greek Grammar, for the Use of Schools, by the Rev. Charles Wordsworth.—Rambles in the Pyrenees, and a Visit to San Sebastian, by Frederic W. Vaux, Esq.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The New Tablet of Memory; or, Mirror of Chronology, &c., from the earliest Period to the Year 1838, 15th edition, greatly enlarged and improved, 12mo. 6d.—Introduction to the Modern Classification of Insects, by J. O. Westwood, F.S.S., Part I. with many Engravings on Wood, 8vo. 2s. 6d.—Jeremy Taylor's Marriage Ring, by Cuming, 32mo. 1s. 6d.—The Old Testament, with a Commentary, by the Rev. C. Girdlestone, Part III. 8vo. 9s.—Rev. W. B. Winnig's Manual of Comparative Philology, 4vo.—History of English Rhythms, by Edwin Green, 4 vols. 8vo. 2s. 6d.—Tale of the Azores, and Godfrey in Many Lands: Holland, Fcap. 7s.—The Family Sanctuary; or, Domestic Devotions, 8vo. 1s.—Sermons preached at the Temple and at Cambridge, by the Rev. T. T. Smith, 8vo. 1s.—Analytical and Comparative View of all Religions, by J. Conder, 8vo. 1s.—Practical Sermons, by the Rev. Geo. Moberly, 8vo. 1s. 6d.—Memoirs of the Life of Mrs. H. More, by W. Roberts, abridged edition, 12mo. 6s.—Peter Schlemihl, a new translation from the German, by E. de Roulton, 18mo. 3s.—Isabella degli Aldobrandi, Tragedia di Guido Sorelli, with an English Translation, post 8vo. 1s. 6d.—Montrose and the Covenanters, by Mark Napier, 2 vols. 8vo. 2s.—Miscellaneous Poems, by ΑΟΙΔΩΣ, 8vo. 1s.—Chapters on Coronations, Fcap. 4s. 6d.—Short's History of the Church of England, 2d edit. 1 vol. 8vo. 1s.—The Opening of the Sealed Book in the Apocalypse, by R. N. Adams, D.D. 8vo. 8s. 6d.—Retschz's Outlines of Shakespeare, Fourth Series, King Lear, 4to. 1s.—Henan's National Lyrics with Life, 12mo. 8s. 6d.—Foster's Essays, a new edit. 12mo. 6s.—Poems, by J. Scholes, Fcap. 3s. 6d.—Sketches of Judaism and the Jews, by the Rev. A. M'Caul, D.D. 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Colour as a means of Art, by F. Howard, post 8vo. 1s. 6d.—Humour and Pathos, by G. R. W. Baxter, 12mo. 7s. 6d.—Memoir of the late Rev. J. Jones, by T. Evans, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—Treatise on Engineering Field-Work, by P. Bruff, 8vo. 1s. 6d.—Oddities of London Life, by Paul Pry, 2 vols. post 8vo. 1s. 6d.—Findens' Royal Gallery of British Art, Part I, folio, 25s.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1838.

April. Thermometer. Barometer.

Thursday ... 10	From 27 to 44	29-68 stationary
Friday ... 20	... 47	29-68 to 29-70
Saturday ... 21	... 49	29-65 to 29-50
Sunday ... 22	... 48	29-20 to 29-28
Monday ... 23	... 52	29-43 to 29-30
Tuesday ... 24	... 53	29-40 to 29-60
Wednesday ... 25	... 50	29-64 to 29-72

Winds very variable, N. W. prevailing.

Except the afternoons of the 21st, 22d, and 24th, generally cloudy, snow on the mornings of the 19th and 20th, and rain on the 22d and two following days.

Rain fallen 3575 of an inch.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The letter of "A Constant Reader," dated 28th April, received 4th of May, shall receive attention.

It is quite impossible for us to find space for the reports and abstracts suggested by W.—m. The matter is of too much importance to be briefly dismissed, and an adequate notice would occupy more than half a *Literary Gazette*.

ADVERTISEMENTS, Connected with Literature and the Arts.

CLOSE OF THE PRESENT EXHIBITION.

BRITISH INSTITUTION,
PALM MALL.

The Gallery, for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists, is open from Ten in the Morning till Five in the Evening, and will be closed on Saturday, May the 12th.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.

N. The Gallery will be reopened early in June, with a Selection of Pictures by Ancient Masters.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

THE THIRTY-FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS, at their Gallery, Pall Mall East, is now open.

Open each day, from Nine till Dusk.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 6d.

R. HILLS, Secretary.

A PANORAMA OF SAN SEBASTIAN,
and the Neighbouring Country, including the Action between the British Legion and the Troops of Don Carlos, on the 5th May, 1838, from a View taken on the Spot by Colonel Shaw, of the Artillery Batt.

Maddox Street, Hanover Square.

Admittance, One Shilling.

INCORPORATED LITERARY FUND

SOCIETY.—The Members and Friends of the Literary Fund Society are respectfully informed that the Forty-Ninth Anniversary of this Institution will be celebrated in Freemasons' Hall on Saturday, May 26, when the Most Noble the Marquess of Lansdowne, the President of the Society, will take the chair.

Stamps.

The Right Hon. Lord Viscount Palmerston, M.P.

The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Durham.

The Right Hon. Lord Teignmouth, M.P.

Sir George Caroli.

Sir Moses Montefiore.

Sir Harris Nicols.

Hon. Grantley F. W. Berkeley, M.P.

Wm. Freshfield, Esq. M.P.

Right Hon. Henry Goulburn, M.P.

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George Maclean, Esq.

Thomas Moore, Esq.

F. Mansel Reynolds, Esq.

F. Salmon, Esq.

Horace Twiss, Esq.

C. Whiting, Esq.

Tickets, 20s. each, may be had of the Stewards; of the Rev. W. Lansdowne, Secretary; at the Chambers of the Literary Fund Society; at the Royal Exchange; and at the Bar of the Freemasons' Tavern. Dinner at Six precisely.

A.R.T. UNION.

The Committee hereby give Notice that the second General Meeting of the Members of this Association will be held on Tuesday, the 15th of May, at No. 14 Regent Street. The chair will be taken at o'clock precisely.

Subscriptions for the current year will be received until Saturday, the 12th of May, by the Trustees; by the Hon. Secretary, 33 London Street, Fitzroy Square; and by any Member of the Committee; at the London and Westminster Branch Office, 9 Whitehall Place, Pall Mall; 155 Oxford Street, 210 High Holborn; 17 Wellington Street, Borough; 27 High Street Whitechapel; and by Mr. Thomas Brittan, Collector, 29 Grafton Street, East, University College, of whom Prospects and Reports of the past Proceedings of the Society may also be obtained.

EDWARD EDWARDS, Hon. Sec.

MAVOR'S IMPROVED and GENUINE SPELLING-BOOK.

The only Edition with the Author's former and recent Improvements.

Mr. London, the Author, respectfully acquaint Booksellers and Conductors of Schools, that they have just published the 438th edition of Mavor's Spelling-Book, with various revisions and improvements of Dr. Mavor, so late as July last, legally conveyed to them by his assignment. New types have been cast for this edition, and it is also illustrated with a Frontispiece by Mr. George Harmer, and Forty-four new Designs by Harmer, which render this long-established and superior spelling-book the most attractive of any in existence.

Paterncoster Row, March 24, 1838.

SONS of the CLERGY.—The Rehearsal of the Music to be performed at this Festival will take place on Tuesday, the 8th of May, in St. Paul's Cathedral; and the Anniversary on Thursday, the 10th of May, when a Sermon will be preached there, before H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, the Earl of H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Bishops, the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, Aldermen, Clergy, and others.

By the Rev. JOHN LONSDALE, B.D.
Preacher of Lincoln's Inn.

Divine Service will commence at Two o'clock, and the Doors of the Cathedral will be opened on each day at One o'clock.

Stewards.

H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex (seventh time).

The Marquess of Bute
The Bishop of St. David's (20)

The Bishop of Ripon
The Bishop of Salisbury

The Lord Weynd (3rd time)

The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor

The Hon. Mr. Justice Colman

Sir George Carroll

Sir George Grey, Bart., M.P.

Ber. George Archdale, D.D.

Rev. James W. Bellamy, B.D.

Rev. W. T. Parr Brymer, M.A.

Rev. John Jeffreys, M.A.

Rev. John Jefferies, M.A.

The Performance of Music will consist of

The Dettingen TV-Domit Handel

The Hallelujah Chorus Handel

The Grand Coronation Anthem ("Zadak the Priest") Handel

Cantate Domini (composed for this Chorus) Atwood

Anthem, "Lord, thou hast been my refuge," composed Boyce

expressly for this Festival.

Conductor, Sir George St. Leger.

Leader of the Band (which consisted of the Members of the Royal Society of Musicians), Mr. F. Cramer.

The Committee beg to state, that each person contributing gold will be admitted either at the North or South Doors of the Cathedral, to the Galleries and Closets, and for admission into the Choir, at the North-west and South-west Doors, it is earnestly hoped that persons will contribute from the Hall of the Corporation. Carrs are to be seen down the South Door.

The Collection at St. Paul's Cathedral and Merchant-Taylor's Hall are appropriated by the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy in appreciating the Children of necessitous Clergymen, or others who are placing their Baskets in the same.

After the conclusion of Divine Service on Thursday, the 10th of May, the Annual Dinner will take place at Six o'clock precisely, at Merchant-Taylor's Hall, Threesteeple Street, for which Tickets may be had of the Treasurer, and Messrs. Rivington, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Waterloo Place, and at the London Tavern.

Contributions to this Charity will be thankfully received, and any information communicated, by the Treasurer, Oliver Hargrave, Esq. 28 Bloomsbury Place.

* * * Tickets are not required for admission into the Cathedral.

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BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

1st June next will appear, and be continued every fortnight, No. I. containing Three Plates and Descriptive Letterpress, Bro. price 1s.; 4s. price 2s.

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